

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Japan
after Ohira

Maclean's

JUNE 23, 1980

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**VOICE
AT THE
TOP**



Soprano Teresa Stratas

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Maclean's

VOL. 93 NO. 25

Japan after China

The death of Japanese Prime Minister Masayoshi Oe left his party floundering and leaderless for the week's election. Observers predict a new era of turmoil in Japan. **Page 20**

Wolfgang and Ellen W.

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Stratford is extremely

The string light of opening week of the year's Stratford Festival is Maggie Smith in the person of Virginia—a brilliant, delicate performance. The rest doesn't match up. **Page 32**

The music in Vienna: French Jews in conflict

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Editorial

Trudeau's tactics spoil his brilliant strategy

By Peter C. Newman

The fastest-growing industry in Alberta these days is a personal delivery service that uses briefcase-equipped messengers with walkie-talkies to carry letters and documents around downtown Calgary. There is as much restriction under way (eight million square feet of office space alone) that few of the auto dispatch services can get through, and business operates at such a pace that no one wants to wait for the post office anymore. The cranes which move awkwardly against the skyline aptly symbolize the province's burgeoning economic clout.

The problem is that Alberta's economic muscle is so inadequately reflected in Canada's political reality, with the province having only seven per cent of the seats in the House of Commons and no ministerial cabinet chair. As a result, Peter Lougheed's pleadings that Alberta's priorities be translated into national policies have been rejected out of hand by an Ottawa administration that still seems to view this country as a series of appendages to the commercial empire of the St. Lawrence.

Pierre Trudeau's strategy in explaining the momentum created by the dramatic outcome of the Quebec referendum to draft a new constitution is brilliant. His tactics are lousy. By holding the premiers to a deadline and threatening unilateral action (through a national

referendum) if they can't meet it, he has robbed the whole exercise of any chance of being rooted in the kind of consensus brew that it requires. In the process, Alberta has been painted as a villain hiding the other provinces to ransom Alberta's constitutional and oil-pipeline policies may not suit the hungry pallidness of the Liberal party in Ottawa, but if ever there was a provincial premier who could be said to give accurate sound and fury to his constituents' aspirations, it's Peter Lougheed.

At the same time, national policies can't be made in Calgary and Edmonton—any more than they should emanate from Toronto or Montreal. John Graham, a professor of economics at Dalhousie in Halifax, was right when he commented recently: "Unless we have national resources used as a patrimony of the country as a whole, we have no success at all."

The solution is for Ottawa to move its pseudo-imperialist egalitarianism to a context that would compensate Alberta for sitting its cross below more policies by granting equivalent concessions in other areas. What we need is a confederal system that would guarantee equity, if not always equality. If Pierre Trudeau isn't more careful about his handling of the West, Dick Culliver (the Saskatchewan MLA who advocates Canada's absorption by the U.S.) may well become for the 1980s what Marcel Chaput—the harbinger of modern Quebec separation—was for the 1960s.

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A Liberal dose of bile

By Thomas Hopkins

Perhaps they should simply move B.C.'s legislature building to Melville, B.C.—and be done with it. By some strange alchemy, B.C. politicians, who routinely perform in the Victoria House with the decorum of lady waiters, become renegade when they begin to suck non-B.C. air. Witness the odd transformation of Premier Bill Bennett last week, apparently changed by the bland air of Ottawa from aggressive homophobe to moderate statesman, willing to admit some of his earlier reprehensible views after watching the costs of starving the country together.

The controversy here was startling because it was in such contrast to the poisonous B.C.-Ottawa atmosphere of the preceding weeks. For seemingly days an end wave of federal cabinet ministers had descended on B.C. with the inborn malice of state officials of the court of Louis XIV, only to be met by rough-been provincial ministers who responded like lambs—frequently spraying their signatures in areas of B.C. authority.

The satirizing began in early May with the collapse of a Japanese-Canadian trade agreement for B.C. multicultural coal, worth an estimated \$5 billion to the province over 10 years. A meeting then which many politicians had viewed as a mere signing ceremony degenerated into acerbic squabbling, and the deal was not closed. B.C. wanted the federal government and Canadian National to pick up the estimated \$200-million cost of rail lines the year after B.C. coal fields. Not enough time, and the deal publicly, led by Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin "Dinks," they muttered privately, blaming B.C. agitators—led by asbestos-lunged industry and Denis Scurian Development Minister Don Phillips—for the collapse. At work and, federal agitators thought they had reached yet another just rail-coal agreement with Phillips, only to have it fall following a long-distance phone call from Bennett and a teleconference decision by B.C. to go it alone.

Severely burned in the exchange was feisty B.C. Senator and Senate government leader Ray Perrault. An able B.C. representative in the Trudeau cabinet, Perrault has been given the thankless job of being B.C.'s Liberal figurehead, man in the government's engine room and rebuilder of the shattered Liberal party on the coast. The coal pact, vitally important to B.C.'s development in the 1990s, had been over a 7½ hour head-butt for the Liberals in a province proud clean of dirty in Ottawa. The fact that it signalled yet another Liberal disaster (illustrated Perrault's problem)

Wittily enthusiastic, if less than opponent, Perrault's talents have been squandered playing summer's apprentice, stepping up the names of his senior colleagues.

Major openings in the way of Perrault's necessary efforts have centred on the glacial intellect and faulty political nose of federal Energy Minister Marc Lalonde. His plans reversal, weakening the West for "meeting political and economic sovereignty," and his suggestion that Ottawa may tax exported gas worth \$300 million a year in revenue to B.C. has provincial politicians rotating in rage. "Political doubletalk," apostrophized B.C. Energy Minister Bob McClelland.

By waiting on a Tory promise of \$4 million to move the Vancouver Art Gallery into new quarters, after 30,000 people had pledged \$5 million, Secretary of State Francis Fox did little to mend the shattered government image. Another was the Liberal cause helped when Pat was drawn into a confrontation by B.C. Minister of Universities, Science and Communications Pat McGee, who needed a television north-moving states on the scene of the B.C. legislature to prevent federal regulations making them illegal. All the insults, real and imagined, are gathered up lovingly by provincial politicians looking for assassination in post-war the federal government was providing \$30 million for a Vancouver stadium, as well as funding for Vancouver's five-month-long transportation fair, Transpo '96.

For Social Credit and Bill Bennett, it all represents a comeback of sorts. They hope a perceived external threat will help to distract B.C.ers from the past dirty tricks man man of Legerette. Certainly the feisty Ottawa atmosphere dissolved last week as Bennett, linked now at the pocketbook with his fire-breathing cousin in Alberta, brought out the mallet to destroy resources revenue ungenerous in any game of constitutional power.

Whether the events of the past few weeks represent a permanent rupture or a budding of two attitudes is irrelevant at this point. Although it would be unfair to question the civility of Bennett's new desire to compromise, "without being a pussy," for the good of the Dominion, it's clear that feisty federalism works for him. Despite the fact that he is separated from fellow at home by only two first heartbeats (and as a result he has twice mounted the legislature on a procession when he left town), Bennett is noticeably more at ease than the roller leader of the Legerette days. He appears to be slowly regaining the damaged Second course but with private polls showing support for the S.C. growing, he has a lot of fighting still to do.

Thomas Hopkins is Stokely's British Columbia bureau chief.



This good egg (left) uses techniques of dealing with the premiere to working out some of his ego. ONE of us has to be the good egg."

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Share now or pay later

By Wayne Silwood

Ordinary Cubans talk with a mixture of fear and resentment of the *los países del norte*—the all-Americans. Over the past 18 months an estimated 100,000 Cubans (most of them out of the country since the mid-60s) have made their way back "home" as charter flights from Miami. The Castro government's decision to open the gates to emigrate Cubans was seen as clever public relations that made economic sense. As well as a chain-beast relief to Western tourists, the rights to leave would help top up badly depleted foreign exchange reserves.

But it hasn't turned out that way. The émigrés brought more than foreign exchange. They also imported 20 years of American-style success on their backs. Dressed out in \$400 suits, digital wristwatches and other luxury unknown in the eastern Cuban economy, the visitors lived up to their nickname: Many Cuban homes now boast consumer goodies from Americanized relatives: electric fans, cassette tape recorders and the inevitable laser. Coupled with an increase in Western tourists over the past five years, the influx of anti-Castro Cubans brought intimations of affluence to a society where consumer goods are a rarity. For perhaps 100,000 Cubans this decade with the good life has proved powerful enough to lure them across 90 miles of choppy Caribbean to the budgets of Miami and beyond.

Back the Carter administration and most press coverage attempted to make ideological capital out of the exiles, usually of the "We-always-knew-Castro-was-a-freedom-choking-tyrant-and-thus-jail-confirms-it" variety. But, apart from a few limited exceptions, ideology has little to do with the Cuban "boat people." Few are bona fide "political refugees" in danger of persecution for their political beliefs. Some of the refugees, especially the young men, are unwilling to risk their lives fighting an African soil. Others are driven by love for U.S.-based relatives. But most are straightforward economic refugees looking for a bigger slice of the well-known of British, Jamaican, Italian, Polish, Puerto Rican and Mexican who preceded them.

The Cuban refugee crisis is played out with different actors and different backdrops every day in every poor country. When another Pakistani engineer migrates to Mississippi, a Filipino nurse to Honolulu or an Indian priest to California, the same drama is at work. The world is helmed by a massive gulf in wealth and power between rich and poor countries—and between rich and poor within those countries. As long as this crucial imbalance exists, Third World people will continue to press their faces to our windows and join their toes at our doorways.

Despite three decades of foreign aid, often spectacular economic growth and increased investment, the gap between rich and poor remains as great as ever. For two-thirds of the world's population the increase in income over

the past 25 years has been less than \$2 a year. The rich nations of the North have just a quarter of the world's people. Yet they consume 85 per cent of the world's oil, produce 50 per cent of its manufactured goods and have 80 per cent of its income.

Although most Third World countries have achieved political independence, few have managed economic independence. Under the banner of the New International Economic Order the poor nations have been pecking the West for a better deal in the world economy since 1972. Galvanised by the common front tactics of 1960, the South labelled vigorously during the early- and mid-1970s. Now, after a mounting succession of international conferences and with Western economies spluttering in recession, the Third World seems to have locked horns with a distressed opponent.

The drive to secure stable and higher commodity prices has failed. Tariff walls against Third World manufacturers are still high—and unlikely to budge given the self-defeating but popular sentimentality toward protectionism. Industrial countries import about one per cent of their manufactured goods from the Third World. Unless rich countries, including Canada, show some willingness to pay more than lip service to demands for a rebalancing of the global economy, Iran may turn out to be a smoke screen on the political map of the 1980s and '90s.

The way of the Cuban exodus is that the Castro regime has done more to eliminate the worst aspects of poverty than virtually any other poor nation outside China. The country is no longer run as the private fiefdom of U.S. business and the Mafia. And it's a far more humane health care is freely and widely available. Housing is tight, but there is a great surge of effort to provide decent, affordable living space. Of course there are problems, what poor country doesn't have problems? But compared to the poverty in the rest of Latin America, the transformation of Cuban society over the past six years has been astonishing. Compared to North America, Cuba would poor—the refugees agree anyway.

One solution to the problem of underdevelopment has been broiled about by, among others, the Independent Commission on International Development chaired by former West German chancellor Willy Brandt. The scheme is to start a "Marshall plan" for the Third World. Like the effort to rebuild Europe's gutted economy after the Second World War, the benefits would be reciprocal—at least in the short term. The danger is that unless accompanied by effective structural change in redistribution of wealth and political power, the new would amount to little more than rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic.

Wayne Silwood is Canadian officer of *New Internationalist*, a magazine specializing in Third World issues.



... the gap between rich and poor remains as great as ever

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Glenn Close (left) and Glenn Close (right) in a scene from the movie *Thelma & Louise*

This Canada

Laughing in the rain

By Suzanne Zeeman

On this June morning, Calgary is blanketing in Vancouver. The foothills city, usually so high and dry, has grown sodden after two weeks of almost daily rain. The woods on Prince's Island are lovely—damp and dewy. The footbridge connecting the landscaped park in the River Bow with downtown high-rises is awash. Trees, shrubs and grass shimmer and glisten in the mist. The tang of rain, heavy soil is delicious.

The little group of Canadians and Vancouverites, huddled in rain slickers on top of picnic tables, is not impressed by the earthy aroma, so rare in Calgary. It's exotic. They're trying to set up decorations and tents for a children's festival, the largest children's festival ever staged in Alberta. First, there was a teachers' strike. Now, a two-month-long drought has ended with a flood.

Festival co-ordinator Mary Gaudin is sounding slightly hysterical. She had 3,000 tickets sold to Calgary public schools when the teachers walked out. She got the tickets returned and there are now 12,000 rain tickets available for the five-day festival. Gaudin sees two dire possibilities. Either 83,000 kids children all show up at the same time or as one does. "It would have been so easy, a piece of cake, without the strike," Gaudin moans, laughing.

Imagining neat lines of school children, with a teacher at their head, and another bringing up the rear, controlling them. "Now, it's going to be a real shakedown."

But the best razzing is an elch as the streets a stone's throw away across the Bow. A mouse on a flaked lifts a tow truck legs and two 80-foot-long, 25-foot-high, red-and-white tents rising upright. Two small boys on high-headed bikes maneuver from the mist just in time to watch the operation. The elephants that used to raise the big tops must have been more mesmerized than today's sight of half a dozen men hauling on guy ropes. The boys pause briefly, then pedal off through the gulleys. That night, the organizers and the six acts slated to perform have dinner in one tent while the rain drums down and warbles in. People can get their feet wet but electrical equipment shouldn't. If it continues to pour, Gaudin is warned, Tuesday's opening will have to be postponed. Ron Wagner, The Happy Trash Picker from Halifax's Merrytime Circus and Puppet Company, comes to the rescue, hatches like his clown act and moves shades from the city group.

The rain peters and the show begins on Tuesday morning. Crowd control is not a problem. Three children waiting in the 300-seat tent for Sekap, a Bollywood music company, are asked out

upside and added to the sparse crowd gathered in the other tent to see Merrytime. The Happy Trash Picker and Bonzo (Linda Dugheim) keep their act going long past their scheduled 45 minutes since they have an audience made captive by showers. Their seasonal show of the day draws only a half-filled tent with mere minutes to go before the show starts. The Happy Trash Picker looks outside to assess the weather and sees, shivering across the wet grass, a long line of children, dozens of children, sheltered along by scintillating separate-school teachers.

"Holy Shakes! Oh wow, look at the kids," he yells, and dashes back into the tent to order large hats, seating not needed until now. The children are ecstatic at the notion of being seated on the ground, front and centre of the stage. A teacher in a little miffed. "I've had these tickets for a week. I don't understand why they didn't expect us," she seethes. No one tries to explain that no one else has shown up as expected.

Tango lads, children seated. Merrytime has a full tent. "Isn't this fun?" coos a Grade 1 teacher as youngsters across stage directions to the clown. She's damp but serious. "I am having fun. Of course, you have to be a bit subdued in the head to do what I do for a living. But it's so nice to see them excited. They're too controlled all day."

The arrival of the separate-school children across a turning point. Calgary's third annual children's festival is finally under way with enough children in attendance to make it seem festive. By the end of the first day, 1,000 youngsters will have seen outdoor tenting ranging from minstrel artist David

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3) **Join Canada's oil companies** out with their job. There is no more efficient energy task force in the world. But Canada still lacks a national energy plan. Rapid economic development of tar sands plants angers the frontier and even the traditional Western oil patch is explicable unless Canadians unite behind an effective program.

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OIL FORUM Backgrounder

Canada's reserves of cheap oil have been declining since 1973. The frontiers Canadians have a choice: develop the country's more costly energy resources such as Alberta's enormous tar sands and the northern frontiers, or depend increasingly on foreign oil. Self-sufficiency in oil and gas will cost Canadians upwards of \$250 billion but foreign oil will cost even more, assuming it remains available at all.

Keeping those billions of dollars within our own economy rather than handing them over to some foreign nation will help Canadians in important ways.

• **Jobs.** That tremendous amount of money will create many thousands of permanent jobs.

• **Other industries.** An active oil industry is a big buyer of vehicles, steel, electronics, ships and hundreds of other products made in Canada from coast to coast.

• **Research.** Canadian energy technology already leads the world on several fronts notably Arctic offshore drilling and tar sands. A "Produced in Canada" petroleum policy means more money for Canadian scientists and technicians to search further into the exciting possibilities of the country's vast energy potential.

• **Trade balance.** A reduced foreign trade bill would strengthen the Canadian economy.

However, the rewards of self-sufficiency cannot occur automatically. The federal and provincial governments, as well as the oil and gas companies, must cooperate in careful planning.

Money is also essential. A tar sands plant capable of producing 8% of Canada's annual oil consumption costs about \$5.7 billion. A single well in the deep waters of offshore New Brunswick or in the remote Devonian Sea can cost \$50 million, five times as much as the most expensive Alberta well. These costs are rising quickly.

The oil companies are reexamining their investment in new energy production at a record rate. The industry is now spending \$107 for every \$136 it receives. Yet self-sufficiency will require even greater investment. And it's risky work. Only one in ten exploration wells is successful.

In Canada, the price of oil is set by governments and companies. And governments receive the lion's share of what people pay for oil and gas. If Canadians are to reap the benefits of building up secure energy supplies, these governments must share the oil and gas companies' strong commitment to that goal.

Energy today offers Canadians the most dramatic development opportunity since the dawn of the powers and railroad builders. The Canadian petroleum industry is ready to meet that challenge with your help.

Glass to folk musician Paul Hays.

As the week went on and the rain showers grew more widely scattered, the crowds continued. The children's festival idea was born in Vancouver three years ago when Heritage Festival Society got together the first week-long extravaganza under tents. This year, says Heritage Festival Society's Lorene van Fossen, 50,000 children turned out for the Vancouver party and the Vancouver group was hired to produce the Alberta Festival for Young People, mounted as part of the province's 75th anniversary celebrations.

The Alberta festival started tearing

kneed up and looked along as folk-singer Ray Waddell and them through Rivers City. Shaker drivers "Higher, higher," sang Waddell, and had water slopping along, too, if only to keep warm. The Loose Moose Theatre Company, towering 15 feet high on stilts, drew a knot of children, their faces peered with stars and diamonds, identically to Cirque Alexander. Art as an experience, set up under the trees, was instantly set upon by older children. "We saw some materials," explains Kathy Ryder, "and let the kids do what we say they want with them." Some boys protested that they refused picking dolls, new riffs and



Wagner and Daughters chasing chickens: it's nice to see them so excited!

the premiere in May, hitting 16 towns and cities and performing for 60,000 children at 328 shows. Tour director JoAnne James says the festival played places as small as Watford, population 228, and as large as Calgary, where 35,000 children were originally expected. After a month on the road, travelling in two separate troops with four tents in two trucks, James and company are tired, heavy veterans of a modern arena. They're sat down on the grass and talked with children about performing. They fought off a tent exterminator epidemic, they've had the help of a rock band in putting up their tents and shared themselves off at a party in their lunar afterwards.

Calgary would have been the climax of the tour—22 shows a day at \$1 performance, plus a variety of free strolling acts. But if the teachers strike and the weather combined to lighten the crowds, two previous smaller children's festivals were remembered and parents and children took their own way to Prince's Island. They had their choice of entertainment: Four- and five-year-olds, women and phone numbers firmly glued to the backs of their raincoats,

rowed their across the grass. Other youngsters were struggling with old and rickety around trees. They're not used to thinking of art this way. They're too confused in school.

Parents, more accustomed to having teachers scolded with unexcused children in groups, looked haggard. They glared with children, identically tag along round their necks, in line up and stay out for a minute. There were a lot of orders to sit, to sit, to listen up their coats and quiet down their yelling. But once the youngsters were corralled in a tent and the shows started, adults hushed and hushed as loudly as any five-year-old. They all, adults and children, checked the chickens, hopped like rabbits and roared with laughter at rickety gags that weren't funny when the adult of them were children.

A park character splashed through the puddle, introducing people to drum to know whether they'd noticed the plight of the malford drama. "They're all alone on the pond," the man explained worriedly. Parents, not sure that he wasn't part of the entertainment, waited in vain for the punch line. But if the dark had gotten separated from his flock, the children's festival had rallied and Prince's Island was rocking in the rain. ☐

The mouse that squeaked



By Peter Lewis

It would never occur to Luxembourg, a nexus of a country wedged between Belgium, France and Germany, to rear Mavericks. The 366,000 burgervs in the quaint Grand Duchy of Luxembourg are so snug as can be these days, without departing from their leg-slender calm so far as to make a scene or threaten—in their bigger European Community (EC) partners are wont to do—to squelch the Common Market if they fail to obtain justice. The Luxembourg problem is that somebody is trying to steal their European Parliament from under their nose and, if the slight-of-hand operation succeeds, it could drive the country (which, at half the size of Prince Edward Island, is the smallest in the EC) perilously close to bankruptcy.

The Community bears the pecuniary of having its administrative headquarters in Brussels and—in principle—having two parliaments, one in Luxembourg and one in Strasbourg, France. The blow to Luxembourg's pride and pocketbook bill after it recently finished erecting a splendid parliament building to house men representing the nine EC countries, only to discover that nobody wanted to use it. The men who used to hobnob incessantly between Brussels, Strasbourg and Luxembourg for



The old Luxembourg parliament building, now closed to burgervs.

their meetings and sessions, made it plain they would soon like to drop Luxembourg from their regular itinerary. On hearing the news a local paper ran a picture of the parliament building, built at an estimated cost of \$40 million, with the caption: "Luxembourg has stepped in the dog dirt again."

Says Premier Pierre Werner: "Our Parliament's a power unless we stick up for our rights." In the same breath, he vows that if the Euro men denounce the Luxembourg government will take the matter to the European Court of Justice to seek compensation. His reaction was understandable, because the Grand Duchy's economy has come to rest on both the patronage of parliamentarians and the presence of 3,000 self-housed European functionaries who staff the Euro Parliament's permanent secretariat in Luxembourg. Should the first

depart for good, the civil servants would naturally follow, leaving Luxembourg an estimated \$90 million a year the poor city—and an empty parliament house to mortgage to whomever it wants to carry its load.

Luxembourg's fortunes sagged last year when the first direct elections to the European Parliament saw 450 new members stepping in to replace the formerly appointed body of 508 members. Under the old system it was possible, though admittedly expensive and inconvenient, for MPs and families of civil servants to commute regularly between three cities. Now, with an enlarged Parliament, such wanderings clearly burdened on luxury.

Strasbourg, where Euro men have met since last year's election, has asked to become the permanent seat of the Parliament (it recently constructed a new house, too). Strasbourg's motives for wooing the Parliament are the same as Luxembourg's—the prestige and the money. But another move is quietly afoot to shift the European Parliament to Brussels to stand alongside the Community's main executives, the European Commission and the Council of Ministers. The plan, championed by a notorious pro-British lobby among Euro men, is aimed at stripping all EC institutions in Brussels to form what would amount to a "Vatican City" for the Common Market in the Belgian capital. This may make sense for the Community but it could spell even farther catastrophe for Luxembourg, stripping the Grand Duchy of 80 institutions that still remain in the country, such as the Court of Justice.

EC leaders with Luxembourg's Prince Werner (left), the Parliament's speaker...

Luxembourg's shrinking hold on an institution must strike many residents as especially ironic. It is widely believed that when the European Community was first set up in 1958, Luxembourg moved an informal offer to become the permanent headquarters of all Common Market institutions. But owing to intense pressure from the local Catholic Church, which feared an influx of Protestants with their modern ways (Luxembourg is still 96 per cent Roman Catholic), Luxembourg turned down the opportunity of making their once-state the capital of Europe. They have been looking themselves ever since.

Yet Luxembourg has even more reason to feel sorry for itself. Iceland, which operates regular flights from the Duchy to New York, has been hit so badly by spending flat fees and cut-throat competition on the North Atlantic route that it may soon have to close down, thereby averting Luxembourg's only direct link with the United States.

The Duchy's feeling of isolation appears all the more dramatic because of recent indications that the Luxembourgish themselves are becoming an endangered species. It is hard to envisage a time when there might be no Luxembourg at all, but the demographic facts in the present Duchy show that its birthrate has plunged while the percentage of foreigners in the population has skyrocketed to 25 per cent. The country has the world's lowest birthrate, about 1.3 children per family. Consequently, Luxembourgish could find themselves outnumbered by their own kind in a few decades. They're not likely to suffer from it economically, since they doubtless will make sure to corner all the plum jobs in banking and services—where Luxembourg's

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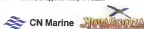


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economy shifts brightest—as their numbers dwindle, leaving all the other work to outsiders.

But their national identity will take a fatal drubbing, just as the character of the Duchy, with its Hautes and Crevel heaves, pine forests and rolling countryside, could fade forever under the impact of the new European powers of culture and urban sprawl. The late solution, according to a demographic expert, would be for Luxembourg's womenfolk to start breeding at a breakneck pace. That, however, is decidedly not in the Luxembourg soul.

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TOYOTA



Letters

Hail Maggie T.

Hurray for the article on Maggie Thatcher (The Barbs of Britain, Cover, May 15). It was excellent.

W. D. YULE, VANCOUVER

In praise of a prophet

Thanks to Mark Charney for a Prophet in Her Own Country—Archie (Books, May 10). Antoinette Mullen needs no patronizing and Charney's comments were a refreshing change from the too often domestic cleavage of commentators on the arts.

W. R. HATHWAY, PETERBOROUGH

Wrong patient

After reading your article on the mentally retarded (Earning Signs With Esquimaux, Justice, April 14), one wonders who it is that should really be in an institution: the slow learner or the supposed manager who looks his patient in the face?

ELIZABETH MURPHY, QUEBEC CITY

Gimme yesterday

It was so encouraging to see your article Give us That Power: Your Angels (Religion, April 14), telling us there really are ministers of the United Church re-appearing against the church's modernism. I have been looking for just such encouragement and I am now convinced that the United Church is no longer my church. If I want to know about such things as boycotts, gay rights, sexuality or politics, there are many avenues at my disposal. However, if I want to learn about Christ and His teachings where do I go? I wish good



Thatcher: a steady politician in a hairy

luck and God's blessing on all these ministers whose consciences remain that the United Church of Canada should concern itself with ordinary religion and the practice of such.

HELEN TAYLOR, DARTMOUTH, N.S.

According to Reverend Fennell, the challenge of the United Church in the '80s is to "reconcile Scripture to the new world." A thorough reading of the Scriptures shows that it is the duty of the church to proclaim Scripture to the world and thereby reconcile the world to the Scriptures.

S. F. KRANTZ, BETHESDA, MD

Three cheers for 305 Hurvitz Street. It gives me the opportunity (along with thousands of people of many different denominations) to pray daily for Canada, the world, the sick, the troubled and, may I add, for Christian unity. Through this program I have shed many of my prejudices and have had the opportunity to listen to people like Malcolm Macgregor, George Foreman and so many of love, peace and unity. I think the clergy and the lay people who take this program spiritual and simplistic are perhaps feeling threatened in more ways than one. Jesus was a simple, humble man. He didn't intend to have the gospel sink in a theological deep freeze.

LORNA ROE GILLIES, SUDBURY, ONT.

The benefits of doubt

The coming Intrigue of the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board (A Worker's Crusade for Clarity, N.S. Business, September 24), Health, May 15) is refusing to remedy what must appear to the discerning onlooker as a manifest injustice. Makes one wish there was a way to reach across the country and shake people by their collective lapels. If the worker is to have the benefit of the doubt, where's the difficulty? Perhaps it's time to rethink the constitution of boards generally, and this one in particular. It may be that these decisions should be returned to the courts rather than left to apparently ineffectual administrative tribunals. Bravo to His Lords, and our best wishes go with her.

ELLEN R. JOHNSON, STUART J. WORTLEY, WINDSOR

Irreconcilable difference

In his editorial on sovereignty-association, The Inevitable Dilemma That Could End in a Nightmare (May 15), Peter C. Newman correctly quoted Jean Jacques from her recent CBC History Lectures saying that "Quebec sovereignty and a shared currency with the rest of Canada are simply irreconcilable." However, I think he unfairly took that quote out of context. For, after this comment, Jean Jacques pointed out that this difficulty was not a reason to dismiss sovereignty-association and then gave an example of how the currency problem might be solved.

DAVID ROBERTSON, TORONTO

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McWhinney says it's not a bad idea; there's no logical reason for the arbitrary lines that now divide the provinces. "Once you open up the Premier's box of constitutional reform," he says, "nothing's sacred."

The resolution to create new provinces came, not surprisingly, from big-



Purvis: at revolutions and resolutions

city aldermen frustrated with being under the thumb of provincial governments and having to go cap-in-hand each year for money. Toronto Alderman Anne Johnson says it's ludicrous that Newfoundland, with 500,000 people, should have all the trappings of a provincial government, yet Toronto, with four times the population, doesn't. Provincial status for the city would mean less bureaucracy and cheaper taxes, she insists.

Constitutional reform was one of the first items on the agenda, though little time was allowed for debate. Those who wanted to discuss it set up their own workshops without the blessing of the PCP executive. Most delegates went along with sending to Ottawa telegrams, to the first ministers' meeting in Ottawa, Monday, to protest municipal confusion from the proceedings. But few seemed prepared to deal with the complex issue of constitutional reform, and fewer still to accept the notion that large cities should become provinces.

Some now sit as a highly paid for power, though McWhinney says Newfoundland would probably be better off if there were more provinces in Canada. West Vancouver Mayor Derrick Blanghagen insisted that there's nothing wrong with being members of the provinces and said the "harsanguage" by reformers, such as Johnson made many delegates "sick at heart."

Realistically, the push to become a new province is at best a bargaining chip. The supporters would settle for strengthening municipal rights in the constitution. The problem is that no one is

quite sure which municipal rights should be entrenched. At bottom is the question, what do municipalities really want?

After a modified debate in the final session, Johnson convinced delegates to remove the task force and allow it to explore the question in the coming year. She implored them to have the vision of their forefathers who, she asserted, then, "were no more magical in 1867 than we are here today. They were people a lot like us, except that there are some women amongst us in 1988. The patriots Mothers of Confederation. It has a nice ring."

See Callahan

British Columbia

The biggest haul of them all

On the misty morning of May 28, 1926, a combined RCMP-Canadian Forces strike force including frigates, helicopters and a destroyer descended on a remote, heavily forested cove on the rugged west coast of Vancouver Island, surprising 25 lighted men huddled in the dawn light beside the bulkiest cache of illicit drugs ever confiscated in Canada. Last week, following a precedent-setting nine-week county court trial, the last of the 25

ha, not Canada, when the men launched their high-sea escape from Tzucuc, Colombia, April 8. Testimony revealed that the 855 jets wrapped 180 lb bales had been dropped in international waters around the empty vessel by a battered DC-6.

The stopover in Sydney Inlet on Vancouver Island, they insisted, became an urgent necessity when the aging 142-metre vessel Starbreeze suffered catastrophic engine failure and began losing power. The decision to land in Canada to attempt repairs was formed on the officers of the Starbreeze to avoid a possible catastrophe such as the capsizing of the crippled ship. Vancouver defence lawyer Joe Wood contended that since there was no premeditated intention to import the contraband into Canada, and the landing at Sydney Inlet was the result of an emergency which 5



The Starbreeze and crew members. The verdict: hauled prisoners and police

accused was acquitted by a Victoria jury in a verdict that baffled both prosecutors and RCMP drug investigators.

The eight accused and their five-man team of West Coast lawyers insisted throughout the trial that the bulky cache of 25 lb bags of high-grade Colombian marijuana was destined for Alas-

"The high-sea drug-smuggling operation should not be regarded with a cynical attitude involving 20 years of experience, who would be the RCMP on the scene Sydney Inlet, 1926 was—20 Canadians and two Americans—were charged in that case in July, 1926, but they have been convicted. Now they charged and eight will never trial."

threatened the lives of the crew, the defence should be excused and the charges dismissed. Wood and his colleagues called it a "defense of duress," claiming the apparent delay back hundreds of years in British jurisprudence and was used successfully by well-known parties who were granted immunity at European courts when they landed to repair their ships.

But, in his summation to the jury last Monday, Judge Menzies Drake said



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Mining, agriculture, petroleum, none of these brings in as many

the "balance of payments," as he termed it, had never before succeeded as a defense argument in a Canadian trial. It could only apply in highly exceptional circumstances, such as a clear case of perjury in a trial.

The nearly young parents began deliberations just after noon and returned to the courtroom twice to ask Drake to clarify his interpretation of the defense of necessity. The following afternoon, they returned a verdict of acquittal, setting off a roller of joyous embracing and backslapping among the accused, their lawyers and friends and relatives in the public gallery.

As the seven American residents and the Ontario-born resident of the Samaritans, in prison in Vancouver since their spectacular arrest 18 months ago, were set free, they rushed across the street to a hotel bar for a victory celebration with their lawyers and an entourage of wives, friends and acquaintances. "I understand now this is the most beautiful country in the universe," Marco Antonio Lopez Paez, 60-year-old captain of the Samaritans, said through an interpreter. Mulvey, through the trial, is co-mandant of their freedom when they were acquitted by the jury on Drake's ruling that the Crown's case

against them was without evidence. The 15 South Americans, members of the Samaritans's crew and apparently involved in planning the escape, have since returned to their homes.

Despite the acquittal and imminent federal legislation to ease penalties for marijuana possession, the youngsters are not out of the run for yet. Five of the eight men released last week still face charges of conspiracy to export gold and were instructed to return to Victoria county court on Aug. 5 to set a date for trial. The Crown, stung by the success of the extradition defense, has indicated it will appeal the acquittal.

St. John's

Ontario

The victim with the broken jaw

When Andrew Adams and Northern House, the victim of a vicious beating or the victim of a vicious press?

The new cream of the crop

At all Canadians don't know the yet but one of the other things Quebec wants these days is self-sufficiency in asparagus. That is right, raised for his native, rural, occupational change—and now from his family asparagus.

Don't laugh asparagus has made significant gains in Quebec in recent years. Some people are already calling it a revolution and growing asparagus beds are the cause of it all. No doubt about it," says Bert Saylor at Saylor and Son Inc., who own 20 million pounds of the stuff at Bedford, Ohio. "Each year Quebec used to go to the more traditional asparagus—grown in Spain and Italy. Today they want asparagus, too. We've doubled production here in the past 10 years.

So let them eat asparagus, you say it isn't that easy. Quebec only grows 15 per cent of its asparagus requirements today and has to send out to the United States for the rest. In a society that avoided a separatist government and voted more than 40 per cent in favor of sovereignty, you can't think of asparagus as a local product. It's not.

But asparagus has been a long the banks of the St. Lawrence river from its roots. That is where it originated. It's a white asparagus which you'd know how to grow now, says the press at the Mary

Montreal asparagus doesn't tell you that their little green spears are high in iron, low in sodium and were a favorite of the Roman Emperor Caligula. Asparagus, also known as the vegetable of the gods, has been a part of the diet of the gods since the beginning of time.

But growing asparagus isn't easy. It is costly, both in and out of the soil. "It takes time to get asparagus to the point where you can eat it," says Saylor. "It takes time to get it to the point where you can eat it." Saylor's asparagus is grown in the St. Lawrence valley. It takes time to get it to the point where you can eat it. Saylor's asparagus is grown in the St. Lawrence valley. It takes time to get it to the point where you can eat it.

Lebanese: "A spear that wasn't there this morning came three inches long tomorrow."

asparagus best. And the liver is a spreading. Lured by government aid and long-term contracts offered by Canada, farmers in the St. Lawrence valley and in Ontario are investing in the asparagus business.

But asparagus has been a long the banks of the St. Lawrence river from its roots. That is where it originated. It's a white asparagus which you'd know how to grow now, says the press at the Mary

The story broke in The Toronto Star on Wednesday. THE FEDERAL MINISTRY OF JUSTICE? The headline asked: Who was in the story? MURKIN, it was answering in Hamilton. General Hospital, the victim of what some reports said was a "vicious beating." The Star quoted an unnamed source who had said Moore was taken to hospital Sunday for a "virtually smashed-up face, beaten teeth and many injuries that would require at least two weeks in hospital." The CBC Radio Montreal jumped onto the story. It told its listeners across the country of "unconfirmed reports" that Moore was the victim of a beating.

Later that day, Moore's office issued a statement saying the minister had suffered from the flu on the weekend and had fallen and broken his jaw while taking a shower Sunday. (Moore's aides did not say why it was not disclosed earlier that Moore had been injured in a fall.) Dr. William A. Wray, Moore's physician, said the minister had been kept overnight in the intensive care unit because he is a heavy smoker (four packs a day) and is overweight. "His jaw was wired shut and we took no chances that his breathing might be affected," the doctor said. Moore was discharged from



Lebanese: "A spear that wasn't there this morning came three inches long tomorrow."

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James Quig

by James Fleming

His is wary and fast-talking. He is a former bureaucrat. He is also a survivor of the factional strife that afflicts Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP), having been prime minister from 1978 until 1979, when he was ousted by fellow party members. But the prospects are good that 75-year-old Toshiro Fukuda, whose humble appearance reflects his political agility, may shortly make a comeback as the next prime minister of Japan.

Before he can, however, Fukuda must outmaneuver an equally strong contender for the post in fellow LDP "baron" Toshio Kamekura. A former minister of trade, Kamekura, 69, is a retired shipping magnate who can claim the power of his long tenure in his cause. Fukuda and Kamekura must also contend with lesser stars in Japan's political firmament, including Kiichi Miyazawa, a former foreign minister, and Yasuhiro Nakasone, former minister of trade, both of whom lack political support and cash. But whatever the outcome when the LDP elects its party president and presumably Japan's prime minister after Sunday's parliamentary election, the fight promises to be intense.

The leadership issue was unexpectedly thrust into the election campaign by the sudden death last week of Prime Minister Matsushita Chihiro. After 30, had been in hospital for two weeks, the illness was shrouded when Matsushita told the chief cabinet secretary and automatically the selling press minister, went on TV to announce that Chihiro had suffered a fatal heart attack. The aftermath was considerable. As flags were put at half-staff, world leaders, including Pierre Trudeau, sent their regrets. The day went for a premature keep and confusion ruled the campaign.

There was little dampening that Chihiro's passing marked the end of an era in Japanese politics in 10 consecutive terms as the Diet (parliament) starting in 1952, he had held more major government posts in the Japanese government. As trade minister for seven years, Matsushita headed in the 1960s, Chihiro helped engineer Japan's post-war economic boom with a plan for economic growth that doubled personal incomes in four years. Equally significant, as foreign

Japan after Ohira



Ohira in Washington and (from left) prime ministers Kamekura, Miyazawa, Fukuda, and the surviving member of a Bratva.

minister under Kakuei Tanaka in 1972, Ohira was responsible for normalizing Japan's relations with China. But he was severely physically felled. While his supporters admired him as a brilliant and able senior statesman, those who had fallen victim to his factional power plays saw him as overconfident and arrogant. Moreover, since winning the prime minister's mantle from Fukuda in December, 1978, Ohira had been unable to stem the decline in public support for the LDP, especially in the face of widely publicized scandal.

fact, which involved party robots.

The LDP's popularity had declined steadily since 1974, but its situation became critical in last October's parliamentary elections which Ohira called in defiance of party opinion. The LDP was left with too few seats that it needed independent support to govern and, while Ohira was able to put down subsequent calls for his resignation from Fukuda and fellow party member Tetsuo Miike, the backing grew worse until May 30, when Ohira's time ran out. In a display of lack of standing that would have made Bratva envious, Fukuda and Miike ordered their 100 followers to abstain on an otherwise routine confidence motion by the opposition Socialists, thereby bringing down the government and precipitating the second lower house election in nine months.

Now faced with unprecedented double elections—upper house elections had been previously scheduled—the unexpected death of the prime minister and the prospect of political turmoil to follow, many Japanese are concerned that the post-war era of domestic stability is coming to an end. Economically, the country has been enjoying an extremely high real economic growth rate of more than six per cent and a moderate inflation rate of seven per cent. But preparations for next year's budget have been postponed in the wake of recent events and support has increased, needed to put the government's financial house in order, are considered politically impossible.

Certainly the opposition has its best opportunity to decide its next moves. As the election results are pouring in, the LDP's long leadership and firm by negotiating and scandal. As well, opposition parties have made gains in 22 of Japan's 130 constituencies by which a single candidate will face each LDP opponent. After 25 years of LDP rule, it is not Japan may be faced with a period of coalition government. Other observers, however, are not so sure. The leading top figures agreed at week's end to bury the hatchet for the duration of the campaign, and Ohira's death may also generate a larger sympathy vote, driving the party's support momentum to squawk in with another majority. Ohira's death, they say, paradoxically could prove to be the salvation of his beleaguered party.

With correspondence: Gino



European Community

Judgment day for Jimmy

On the eve of the Venice summit, President Jimmy Carter was anxious last week about new demands from allied leaders for a greater say in Western policy-making. Messages have been pouring into Washington from

Schmidt, Thatcher at present, also warning may not bludgeoned over style.

Pravda, West Germany, Britain and Italy—though not from Canada or Japan, the other participants—expressing a basic mistrust of Carter's leadership and stressing the need, in strong terms, for greater consultation and joint international decision-making.

The summit, which starts Sunday, was originally designed to deal with economic problems. But it looks as if the

Two's a party, three's a crowd

In a carefully phrased initiative the European Community announced last week that it would be holding exploratory talks with all the parties concerned "in private" that clearly indicated the EEC's intention to negotiate with a view to working in a more concrete way for a Middle East peace settlement. The statement at the end of an EC summit in Venice, stopped short of outright recognition of the PLO and thus drew criticism from Washington, which had earlier lobbied heavily on the subject. But there was an immediate angry reaction from Israel, which had sent Foreign Minister Mordechai Shalev on a tour of European capitals last week to kindle such a move. Shalev, who left without a message in a message that failed to break down personal and past enmities between the PLO and the State of Israel.

Shalev's visit, which was intended to break down personal and past enmities between the PLO and the State of Israel, was intended to break down personal and past enmities between the PLO and the State of Israel. Shalev's visit, which was intended to break down personal and past enmities between the PLO and the State of Israel, was intended to break down personal and past enmities between the PLO and the State of Israel.

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means why the talks would demand terms that good.

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talks are developing into a major interest in Carter's conduct of foreign policy toward the Middle East, Iran, Afghanistan and European defense. And from a series of background briefings and confidential talks with senior diplomats in Washington late last week, it became clear that the White House fears the Community's loose approach would further undermine Carter's authority in the short-term.

US officials have been stung by the severity of the criticism leveled against the Carter regime. In one diplomatic dispatch from London, David Watt, director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, is quoted as saying: "The feeling one gets is that Washington is determined to show it's capable of standing up to an ally even if it isn't mixed up in the syndicate." In an interview with *The Wall Street Journal*, a French government official asked the stand of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing when he said: "The US absorbed itself from the international scene between 1977 and 1980, obliging Europe to look after its own. Now it has the husband who abandons his wife and then comes back after three years and



Shalev (right) with EC President Francesco Cossiga, sitting on the floor.

Marked Shalev and the increase in Israeli settlements (there are now 70 with a further 10 more planned) on the West Bank jeopardize peace in the Middle East. Shalev, I certainly regret the embargo. But as for the settlements, I consider that an Israeli presence on the West Bank is indispensable for our security. Our aim is to negotiate for the dignity of the Arab people on the West Bank with our own need for security. And I don't see that these Israeli villages, which contradict the level of Camp David or conflict with Arab autonomy.

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says "Olap, let's live together again like nothing happened." The silence can no longer be just the U.S.'s voice.

One very likely suspect against last week's tacit statement by the European Community (see box) may still be the future of the Arab-Israeli peace talks. The aim is to increase the role played by the Palestinian Liberation Organization, and there is a growing perception in London and Paris that Carter is motivated as much by domestic polit-



Security patrol on Yasser's lapland: a beleaguered Carter's warzone

ical considerations—pondering to the powerful Jewish lobby to win the Jewish vote—as he is with the long-term outcome of his Camp David policies.

But the divisions go much deeper and wider. In some areas that has reached the White House, U.S. diplomats in West Germany report "The wall is a barrier at which the United States will be expected to do a lot of listening. The Europeans... will not be perceived into silence nor parked into compliance." Karl Kaiser, director of Germany's Foreign Policy Research Institute in Bonn, has told Carter's emissaries that the European chiefs are convinced that stiff economic sanctions against the Soviet Union and Iran will only serve to stall these concerns even further against Western interests.

Canada's position in all this is a good deal softer, though both Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and External Affairs Minister Mark McGowan are known to feel that there was lack of consultation over the Olympic boycott, and there was considerable no-harmlessness when the Iran rescue failure became public knowledge just after former U.S. secretary of state Cyrus Vance ended his Ottawa visit in May.

Now Carter will react to his critics in set dose. But in an interview with Italian TV correspondents at week's end, he was at pains to be conciliatory as the question of the allies' response over

Iran and Afghanistan and to nod in the Germans' direction by acknowledging that East-West détente is not dead. In fact, that dialogue was quietly taken a step forward in Moscow last week at a 36-minute meeting between the U.S. ambassador, Thomas Watson, and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, and Carter may be counting on West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's attention on his role in the Soviet stance at week's end. If this is so, statements may yet triumph over spite. But that will only reinforce the fundamental strength of the European's allegations to his earlier actions.

William Carter with his son, John Carter (above), from Louis Armstrong and John (left) (above)

France

Ferment in the seed of Abraham

In ordinary times, it would hardly have been a headline-grabber: the election of a new French grand rabbi. But these are hardly ordinary times for France's 290,000 Jews. Last week, when the central consistory met in Paris to elect a successor to the forty-five year-old Jacob Kaplan, who once took on former president Charles de Gaulle for anti-Semitism, the French press buzzed it a "terrific point".

The election of 58-year-old Algerian-born Professor René Sirat as his new leader indicated that the Sephardic

an entrenched Eastern European (Ashkenazi) establishment.

That shift, too, might be a lot of noise and smoke if it didn't come at a time when the French Jewish population is met by its worst crisis since the end of the Second World War. The noisy split has pried the community's longtime pillars, the venerable Rothschild dynasty, against an increasingly frustrated ground swell charging that the anti-semitic banking tywons have been too well-measured in fighting the French government's growing pro-Arab policies.

The catalyst was French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's Bureau of anti-semitism last March when, during an official Middle East visit to promote oil supplies, he endorsed Palestinian self-determination and the Palestine Liberation Organization's role in any future scenario for peace.

To many of France's estranged Jews, the two politically wounded protests by Baron Adam de Rothschild, president of the ambulatory Representative Council of Jewish Institutions in France, weren't a stiff enough episode. Agitating for the creation of a French Jewish lobby, mobilized after that in the United States, and calling for a Jewish boycott of the president in next year's election, a neo-Nazi group, Jewish Renewal, promptly organized a 150,000-strong picket rally at Paris' Paris de Paris.

A poll during the festivities showed

René Sirat, Baron Gay and wife, the following day was reserved for them



that only two per cent of some 20,000 old Jews who voted would support Giscard in 1988, news that was of more than passing interest to France's opposition parties—above all, to Socialist leader François Mitterrand, who lost the presidency by a whisker of a percentage six years ago and was the only party chief to turn up.

But the Mitterrand stay was reserved for the Rothschilds, who had opposed the rally and were lambasted for their refusal to support a movement that, they argue, might boomerang in a new rise of the anti-Semitism that marred its earlier head during last year's showing of the TV serial Holocaust.

From Israel, word leaked out that Baron Gay de Rothschild, the brave 71-year-old ben Yimot who serves as titular head of the clan, had demanded the recall of the World Zionist Organization representative in Paris, Ari Elimelech, the apparent force behind the rally. But Elimelech was not recalled and one Israeli official snapped "The attitude of certain leaders of the Paris consistory—particularly that of the Rothschilds—is repulsive."

Indeed, as the weeks wore on, it became clear that Jerusalem was rife with Baron Gay not only for his behind-the-scenes criticism of Menachem Begin's policies but for a long catalogue of sins. Among them were, according to one family confidante, his marriage to an socialist, second husband, Miriam (née a Christian) and a Los Angeles interview in which he let slip that "I feel like a foreigner in Israel."

The falling-out couldn't have been more acute considering that Israeli's literary books credit the Rothschilds with the colony's survival a century ago, after Baron Eliezer bought 50,000 hectares of Arab land for settlement (transferred to the state in 1954). Other dynasty members have financed construction of the El Al-Abraham pipeline and creation of an Israeli educational TV channel. But in the current political pressure cooker, good works don't seem to weigh as impressively as strident voices.

René Sirat's election doesn't yet indicate a lead pro-Shalom voice from the French Jewish community. He himself is reported to be a liberal who privately opposes Israel's current settlement policies but observes prudently that it may nevertheless prove the first step toward toppling the old establishment. Certainly, when he takes office next January, Sirat won't have an easy time consolidating his feeding flock. That may be one reason why, for the first time in history, French Jews might vote and elect their own leader, not merely for a new-year term—the same length as Giscard's.

Marcel McDonald

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U.S.A.

Down, down—and staying there

By Lawrence O'Toole

Four months the word had been bandied about as a mild, wistful whinger. But last week the National Bureau of Economic Research declared it official—the United States is in a recession. "Things are going down very rapidly," warned bureau President Martin Feldstein, "more so than in previous recessions." The last lasting lull in 1974, which came after figures confirming this assessment in May, unemployment rose by 900,000 to 7.8 per cent (9.2 million jobsless), already above the 7.5 per cent year-end rate predicted by the Carter administration.

Later, the White House admitted that there could possibly be a \$20-billion budget deficit in 1981, and there were plenty of examples of just how low the economy had slipped: manufacturers', retailers' and wholesalers' sales slumped 3.5 per cent as interest rates by 50.9 billion, or 1.5 per cent. The three largest retailers—Sears Roebuck & Co., Montgomery Ward Co. Inc. and J. C. Penney Co. Inc.—reported one of the sharpest sales drops in their histories. Hardest hit were the auto industry (see story page 38), with 927,000 out of work in Michigan alone, and construction and major appliances. General Electric, having laid off 400 workers last week at its Louisville, Ky., plant, said it would probably have to let go another 3,700 in July.

The mood of Americans themselves was grim, the consensus to belt-tightening having moved into the area of primary necessities. Banks offered "gifts" such as taxcutters and hair dryers for deposits, competing retailers slashed fees drastically, shoppers lined up at supermarkets with food coupons. The latest *New York Times*/*Newsweek* poll showed that the 35-per-cent rate of inflation had forced consumers to buy less. Items no longer taken for granted as part of the fabric of American life, such as major appliances, were becoming, for some, luxury items. A married couple in Pennsylvania were turned down last fall for a loan by the bank they dealt with for seven years in good standing.



Unemployed protesters at the White House (above). Carter's car after William Wallace's throwing "This first recession is the deliberately induced by a president"

People are cutting back on vacations, the quality of the food they buy, credit card use (subsidized by the Carter administration's halting of rules governing payments) and, because of the continuing of cuts, driving and home heating. Mrs. Green, a claims taker in a Wisconsin unemployment office for five years, said "The industrial layoffs are just massive. The economy is completely shut down. I've never seen it so bad."

Said Larry Phillips, a laborer from Quarryville, Pa.: "They [the government] help the rich and they help the guy on welfare, but they put the screws on the guy in the middle." "We're getting more and more and more of the middle-income group applying for food stamps now," said a supervisor in the New Orleans food-stamp program, "rather than the poverty group. They're a very demanding group, too—very hostile and frustrated. They don't like to have to receive this."

While the middle class feels squeezed, the poor are becoming poorer. A recent study found that some East Harlem residents in New York City had to "beg, borrow, steal or eat through garbage" to feed their families. Blacks, who face a 12.9-per-cent unemployment rate (compared to 6.9 for whites), are particularly depressed about the wages of recession.

Recession was not the last thing that hit the nation in a few brief hours last fall. President Jimmy Carter, the target of anonymous bottle-throwers in Florida last week and of increasingly sharp comment from both left (Senator Edward Kennedy) and right (Governor Ronald Reagan), and the young seemed unlikely to get extra—in the short run at least. Most economic pessimists said a V-shape (a sharp drop followed by a steep incline), but the current feeling is that the present trough will remain stable before it takes a climb—just in time for the November elections. (New York City Mayor Edward Koch warned that Carter would have a difficult time winning in New York unless he "addressed some of the city's extraordinary fiscal problems.")

Commentators at colleges across the country have been gloomy, with few talks of heroes and, at best, guarded optimism in speeches. Most graduates are entering their chosen professions with the recession facing them and, in many cases, little hope of jobs. Consequently, the businessman has been a prominent guest speaker, and practically the only person to concern the freshman class. One speaker, Lewis Rosen, a Democratic House representative, told his listeners "You are graduating into an economy fraught and beset with a recession which is the first recession in the history of the nation to have been deliberately induced by the president of the United States."

Although the word "recession" might only have been whispered, people have begun to feel the pinch. The government reported that the consumer debt had fallen \$6 billion in April. Americans were, and are, borrowing less, buying less and taking almost nothing for granted. Said one shopper at a supermarket on New York's Third Avenue as she gazed at some hamburger meat: "It's not hard to believe there was a time when we all crowded on hamburgers for dinner?"

Murder Incorporated II

A federal grand jury in Washington continued last week its secret inquiry into allegations that teams of CIA agents were being paid huge sums of money by Libyan strongman Muammar Khadafi to train his hit squads in the finer arts of assassination. At least one Libyan exile has

factor Edwin Wilson, 62, and Frank Terpil, 42, are accused of supplying the explosives for use in booby traps hidden in such household items as ashtrays, lamps and alarm clocks. (Two of the current wave of victims were killed by booby traps, though the authorities have not yet alleged a connection with Wilson and Terpil.)

They do say, however, that the pair shipped hundreds of pounds of explosives to make explosive devices and to teach others how to make explosive devices in a secret training project.

The grand jury has also heard secret testimony that the two men conspired to use their CIA association to hire an assassin to murder Umar Abdullatif Mubiny, a former member of the Libyan Revolutionary Council who defected to Egypt. The two conspirators were said to have met an American hit man, a contact from their days with the agency, in Geneva and offered him \$5 million to



Libyan hit men's home, victims' homes CIA agents 'were paid huge sums by Khadafi'

Kid Mahabraq. But when he learned that the U.S. was not involved in the proposition, he

been murdered in recent months and, while Khadafi himself called off to midweek the hearing down his political opponents, another exile was shot and wounded in Iraq. At week's end British authorities ordered on the head of the Libyan mission in London, Mervat Khan, as police investigated reports of two more intended assassinations.

Back in Washington, the grand jury has already indicted two former CIA employees on charges that they conspired to smuggle explosives to Libya for a terrorist training project and to plot the \$5-million assassination of a Libyan de-

Newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic have reported recently that Khadafi sent several death squads to invade opponents in Greece and the United States, and in early April Washington expelled two Libyan diplomats suspected of having conspired with them. The two were understood to have been systematically recruiting former CIA experts to train assassins and supply sophisticated weapons and booby traps. The grand jury investigating the allegations is expected to bring down more indictments in the next few weeks.

William Lowther

Music—VOICE— AT THE TOP

By Lawrence O'Toole

I was an evening performed with glimmer powerful enough to kill. *Plume*—Feb. 22, 1973. The entire national world, including 500 or so international music critics, had turned out in various, various forms. So did politicians, diplomats, dignitaries of varied lean, celebration of countless stripes and others who simply happened to be filthy rich. The occasion was the world premiere of the full-length version of Alban Berg's opera, *Lulu*, most of the third act of which had been suppressed for years by his widow. The next day *The New York Times*' senior music critic, Harold C. Schonberg, called it "perhaps the most important and glamorous operatic premiere since the end of the Second World War." Negotiating the cruel demands of the title *Soprano* role—a mouth caught in the glare of lacrimose—was a soprano, all live feet of her, who 40 years earlier had arrived into the world on a dining room table above a Chinese laundry in a Toronto slum named Coburgtown.

"I had a fever and was dragged up with curtains," Teresa Stratas recalls. "I didn't want to sing—couldn't sing—but they insisted I do anyway. The curtains did something to my percep-

tion. Normally I'm sceptic, but as I stepped out onto the stage I saw gathered in front of me, so clearly, the entire musical world and the rest of the famous world as well. And then I said to myself, 'So you finally did it. And this is it.' And then I thought, 'So what is it?' I suddenly realized that it didn't mean a thing—not a—thing. So I did what I was supposed to do. I stood there and I sang."

Within the past few years Stratas' secondary in the operatic world, begun in 1958, has taken a colorful climb. There was, of course, the world premiere of *Lulu* in Paris—the plum soprano role of the decade, some say the century, which she will repeat for the Met this fall, before that, a film of Richard Strauss's *Soprano* made in Europe under the baton of Strauss expert Karl Böhm, which raised the blood up into the head. Last fall, wearing black leather leotards and drawing languorously on a cigarette, she appeared as the prostitute Jessy in the Metropolitan Opera's controversial staging of the Berlioz/Brecht/Karl Weill *Nine and Five of the City of Mahagonny*, following that, in January, she gave two landmark Weill concerts at New York's Whitney Museum. And in May, to say of a part of audience but not, the Canadian Music Council named her Performer of the Year for 1973.

At the world-renowned Salzburg Festival she has been acclaimed as a front-rank Mozart singer, as her living room wall is a photo of conductor Herbert von Karajan, for whom she sang the part of the maid in Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, and which is signed, "To my unspeakable Souzanna." When Karl Böhm came to her

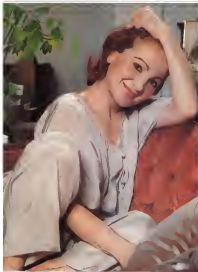
She also with Lingo (left), in "Mahagonny" (below), in TV film "Amadeus" and his Night Visitors" his voice Stratas wrote for

agreement to listen to Stratas sing the *Soprano* score at the piano, he told her he had doubts about using her for the film, when she finished singing he walked over to the piano with tears in his eyes, kissed her and said, "This is the voice that Richard wrote for and prayed for when he wrote this. If only he could be here to hear it."

All this propitiation into the light soprano—and the tempting promise of more acclaim, as tradition and tribute—will be played rarely and irreversibly aside in five years. Stratas wants to retire on a farm—alone. "I'm probably going to have to use the word *career* a few times in this conversation," she says, launching a lease of earnestness at the word. "I just all the contributions of the word *career*. I suppose I've had one in spite of myself." A retiree by her own admission, she has also been dubbed "Miss Cancellation" by others in reference to her notorious and much publicized cancellations. The opera world, which has always assumed it has the monopoly on dry temperaments and is ever ready to continue the tradition, provided her with the sobriquet "the baby Callas" right from the start. And, though dependable as hardly the first word to come to mind in relation to divas, Stratas has earned a reputation



Performing at the Academy in "The Canadian," 1960 Miss Cancellation



for being especially no-co-operative and uncoachable about the nature matter. Her response: "Too bad."

A note is polite. "Who is it?" she asks through the door of her apartment in a sleep-drooped voice at the appointed time for the interview, something she rarely answers. "Oh, yes," she groans, alerted to the date "Oh God, I'm stark naked. Is it really today? I'm sorry, but I just can't let you in. I look like the Medusa—I'll scare you to death." Another cancellation. Karajan plans his forgiveness. The next day she opens the door, looks surprised and, raising her hand to her throat (a La Traviata, says, "Don't tell me it's today," trying to look naive and sophisticated) looks over, response allowed, she breaks into a grin.

Her capacious apartment in New York City's old Hotel Ansonia—former home for Caruso, Toscanini and Sarah Bernhardt—is exactly the kind of place where a diva might be expected to hang

her furs and jetton her jewels after a night of champagne and debauch with the great and famous. Stratas' condoing live the closest they are gifts she never wears. Instead, she wears black swim trunks and her hair thrown back, which gives her the aspect of a woman who has been around the block a few times. The remainder of casual dress around the apartment have no small flow something in her makeup room sticks out among the Greek icons the a wire finger. Tucked up on a wall in a four-inch with the working Princess. Her mother made underpants and slippers of clashing fur. The material, when the family couldn't afford anything else Stratas says she keeps it there to look at always, to remind herself of where she comes from.

Born Anastasia Stratas in Cremona, Romagna, Stratas gave her first concert for an overall audience at the age of 4. She was brought up on Greek music (folk songs you make up as you go along) and used to sing them to her cat. Wanderlust: into the basement one day, she found a cypress and cedar of forty cypress and sat down and sang for them. "When my mother found me," she says, "she beat me and cried at the same time. I was singing to seven rats." Soon, having learned her first song—"Proud Poodle" (Mama—look over my shoulder)—she sang for the family restaurant, the listeners threw nickels and dimes to her; later, she was singing torch songs in nightclubs. "I had to keep the stomach of all the drunks—she says—sweet (that was) when I sing to the sweetest dancing opera audience who come to listen for social reasons."

"No," she says, "I would not have done what I have and let the life I did had I not come from a background of poverty. I wouldn't be where I am now—wherever that is—had I been born into a middle-class Canadian family. When you're terribly aware of the lack of things—though we had everything that counted in our family—well, you're pushed into going the other way. Go more than compensate to make up for the void of knowledge that begins and ends at once." She clarifies the matter by explaining that her lover of eight years and former lover, conductor Zubin Mehta, grew up on a chicken ranch, she grew up on the beach. "Now that I've done just about what I've wanted to, I want to get back to where I came from. You tell yourself to escape from where you come from, you don't tell yourself to get back. It's a little absurd, isn't it?" Eighteen years ago, when her career had just begun to rock, she told Mehta: "I'm not where I'm going to be, not by a long shot." She has, ironically, come full circle.

Chancing the "where" for a farm, eager to discover "what Shakespeare and Kafka really had to say," taking no notice with her ("It will all be inside you



hand"), she's convinced she spun a light at the end of the tunnel in her own words, "to be alive but not lonely." Her father won't understand her dream. "My father came from the mountains of Corsica, and when one of his children says she wants to escape the city and wants to have what he had back then, that she's shedding all those things he struggled for her to have, he simply cannot understand." Her dream firm won't be in Canada, however: the international she contracted as a child was never properly owned and her songs require a warm climate. She seldom feels the need to return to Canada. "I don't feel I belong anywhere. I'm first generation and that's a problem. A second-generation childless face—you never really feel at home anywhere. At some point in life you realize that you're back at home all along—with yourself." But there is neither, far deeper reason — memory. Stratus' mother, when she loved and loved again, died at the relatively early age of 32 in 1963. Shortly after the death Stratus said, "I still can't get myself to script songs engagements in Canada. We were so close. The only thing that takes me back in... I sneak into Toronto to visit her grave."



NORMAN L. CAPOVILLA



Stratus' umbilical tie to her own past have always prevented her from indulging in the glittering social orbit of the operatic world. It has also led her down the road generally not taken. "I don't do retails and I'll tell you why. I can't stand the format—the assigned gown, the braided hair, the clasped hands—and a good and scrupulous program. The basic struggle in my family was one to survive—nothing was ever taken for granted suddenly, to find myself at age 12 that the Met among the privileged society of opera was a fairly heavy trap. The excited parties and restaurants—that alone which has nothing to do with making music—suggested the end of me. Stratus, I say if you want me, if you want Terina Stratus the singer, then I'll do it. But I won't show my face somewhere just for the sake of showing my face. I won't dress up. I don't get dressed up."

The Whitney rental, in January, of the Kart Wolf songs, most of them were more recent than Kurt's *Kyle* or *September Song*, is expressly what Stratus envisions for herself as a performer. After she did Mahogany at the Met, the legendary Wolf interpreter, Leona Haynes, expressed her. Stratus had looked away in vaults a score of unperformed Wolf songs (including one written for Marlene Dietrich which she never sang) and, having listened to Stratus sing Wolf, gave them to her. "You are the only one who has come along to sing Wolf without making him sound vulgar," said Leona, and with poignant honesty passed on the torch. "For this reason," recalls Stratus, "I

sat on a stool and wore what I'm wearing now. I spoke to the audience. Everyone was sitting on the floor and singing in on the music, which is what is important—and not the f— what I'm wearing."

With that behind her, she has planned her first musical series—an autobiographical one. "It will be just Stratus Sings No program series. I'll come out and start with one of those haunting waltzes, not an aria. I wouldn't allow song an aria. And I'll sing the Wolf songs. That's the way I'll do it on a stand, in my dress." This form of recital will be a new direction. Other shows, such as Helen Parrill and Helen Traubel, sang blues and pop in their days, but not in tandem with classical (Traubel sang blues at the Civic Place in Chicago; Stratus auditioned for Traubel's Royal Conservatory of Music with *Smile Girls* in *Four Eyes*). "If I've broken the mould of the recital and what it means, then I'll feel I've really done something," Stratus says.

The basis is her coffee table—a new translation of *The Blessed Girl*, *The Serenity of Art & Music Approach*, Carlos Giguere—revel how far she has travelled from where she began and, at the same time, how little she's actually

moved away from it. Her apartment at the Ansonia is decidedly Old World—objects d'art given her by Behta, photographs steeped in the apex of art. There is also a framed piece of the curtain from the old Met. On the day the stagehands were tossing the deplorable old thing down, Stratus walked in, saw a part of her life die and began to cry. "What's wrong with Terry, eh? Whoever hurt Terry is gonna get his f—!—! I am pissed up, one of them said I told them what the matter was and they tore off this piece and gave it to me." A Chippell poster, named by the master, has a sadder story. "He [Chippell] gave it to Mary, the switchboard operator at the Met. Mary didn't just see the switchboard," Stratus means, "she ran the Met. She promised it to me if I got married or if she died first. 'For chance,' I told her—on both accounts." Suddenly, Stratus' voice takes a plunge in tone. Her mother ever in habit of her and touches her mother's arm. "Mary died of cancer. I used to visit her in the hospital, disturbed by her dying. 'Don't be foolish. You're not going to die,' I told her. But she needed someone to help her die and nobody, myself included, could. Now, I would have seen her through that door."

Stratus, with her shared Greek fatalism to buttress her, believes that death is the only absolute. "Nothing is constant. Death is constant, that's all. Now that I think of it, I'm probably very religious. If Gomer's name I go to church every Sunday. I think a lot about death. Hey, that's something I don't tell interviewers, but it will help to explain. I've had a number of total experiences [between the spirit leaves the body]. I didn't want it to happen, and it was a very frightening experience as it was happening. But once I was out of my body it was the most wonderful thing. I didn't want to go back in, but felt sorry for that body going there. Obviously, it wasn't my time to die. I went back in."

Because she has no time for absolutes, she is cynical about relationships. She left Behta after eight years because she didn't want to be "Mrs. Conductor." "To find a person in life who will accept all the facets of a person's personality is very difficult. People think it's very glamorous to be part of Stratus' life, to be part of the light that Stratus is. But that light for a moment get black and no one wants to go. To have to cope with Stratus in her depression is something people don't want. They want to know about the glitter and champagne. The stress and what one goes through to give birth to a performance—no one really wants to know that."

Though a lover, she has never looked for the company of men. Currently, she's living with Tony Harrison, a British poet she met two years ago during The

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Bertrand Brink, for which he wrote the libretto.

Following the Broadway with Molins, Stratus circulated about Stratus' an-
nouncement when she took off for Europe and bought a house in Spain. Franz Krieger, now with the Canada Council, who knew her during the early days, counters a suggestion that Stratus was unhappy. "There's no never sad story," Terrence is either in love or out of love. He remembers working on *Les Tournesols* with her when Stratus would interrupt the rehearsal every five minutes to

She won't be impressed in the grooves of recordings, either. Her recordings have been few, restricted to the necessary—like the full-length *Les Tournesols* and an upcoming *Makropulos*. "I never felt I was ready when I was younger. I said no to everyone without giving a reason—I just said NO! There's something permanent about a recording and I don't like my kind of performance. If there's going to be anything permanent, then it should be to the best of my ability." (As to the range of her artifice, she's hardly falsely modest.)



either take a phone call or to make one to Molins. "One minute she'll return from the phone in tears, the next suddenly happy. It went on and on like that." Stratus herself admits to tendencies toward manic depression, chaffing at it up to her beloved, "crasy" family. In 1968, before a performance in Cleveland, she wandered among crowd-
sitting and felt depressed and homesick. She fled back to her hotel, called Berens to speak to her friend and sister, Mary (now a school teacher living in Florida), and, on leaving a familiar note, hung up without saying so much as a word.

To offer a clue to the conditions that govern her life she quotes from Lulu: "I have never in the world wanted to be anything but what I have been taken for, and no one has ever taken me for anything but what I am." Unlike most opera singers, Stratus is a strong exponent of 19th-century music and, as well as being drawn to Lulu the temptress, also feels a pull toward Melisande from Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

"They are both absolutely their own people," she says. "They bent, inadvertently, because they cannot conform to what other people want them to be. They can't be caged in, only by themselves."

"Katuska said, 'If you want to sing like a property, listen to Stratus.' That, for a Greek girl born in the slums of Toronto, is pretty good." As well as recording offers there are movies as well. Handled the lead in *The One, The Other*, the story of an opera singer, she turned it down. It was a pile of shit—"I remember Miss Terrence (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Harvey*) looking for a property expressly for her, and Franco Zeffirelli wants her to play the juicy title role in the Maria Callas biography." He called me while I was in Paris doing *Lulu*. I told him if he did it the way he did his TV documentary on her I would do part of it. "To Lulu, you, you, you, what you mean?" he screamed. "Pravda," I told him. "I thank you and did as an injustice." He didn't like that, but then people don't always like the truth.

Stratus, who views she is not rich by any stretch of the imagination, and just in fact cancelled a trip to Europe a few days before the interview. "It was a recording and a performance and it was over money. I won't go where the easy money is. The primary task of what I'm doing, if I am I to say, is that but I'll say it anyway—is to somehow reach. If I have a primary function past my own development,

in *Salome*, as *Despina* with Sir Rudolf Bing (top), with *Lulu* in Paris, 1962 (not bad for a Greek kid from the slums).



it's to give something further to other people."

Sometimes, in the spotlight, even Stratus forgets that. She tells a story on herself. Following a telecast two years ago of *I Pagliacci* from the Met with Stratus singing *Nedda*, she received a telephone call from a man who told her how moved he was by the performance and asked if he could meet her. "I was about to leave for Europe and was feeling very harassed, so I was abrupt with him, even said I told him to call in the fact I got this kind of thing quite often and thought he wanted to get laid or something." Minutes later her doorbell rang and, when she opened it, she saw a hand holding a flower petal through "You sounded like you needed a little machine in your life," said the man. It was then she saw his white cane.

To keep herself balanced, to remind herself of what she is doing and, even more importantly why, Stratus keeps a book given to her by her sister, Mary, close at hand on a shelf. Mary sent it to her when she returned from performing the Paris *Lulu*. The inscription reads: "Dear Teresa, welcome home. There's nothing at the top, and it doesn't matter. Love Mary, 4/25/79."



LOU LOMAX

LOU LOMAX



Lord of the rigs

By David Thomas

Early in June, craning rigs towed Salomery IV into place 30 km northwest of Prince Edward Island and left her standing on three spindly legs in 60 metres of water. Within hours, her rock-eating bit had bottomed and she became the first domestically built jack-up drilling rig to join in Canada's Atlantic energy adventure.

Salomery IV is the third off-shore rig completed within the past year by Canada's biggest shipyard, Davie Shipbuilding Ltd. of Lunenburg, Que. The first two are at work in the Gulf of Mexico with its more under construction or on order. The buoy shipyard, wedged into the St. Lawrence River's most picturesque bend, with Quebec City in sight upstream and New Brunswick just opposite, is vying for the most promising barge that Canada's own industry will take the lead in rearing the economy's Arctic and off-shore wealth.

Except for Salomery IV, operated by Salem Offshore Drilling Co. for Huscon Bay Oil and Gas Co. Ltd., all 11 rigs off Canada's East Coast are foreign-built, and this just when the oil industry is poised to begin commercial production. "Another North Sea" is the hopeful wishword of the international oil industry, but for asperated Canadians it could well become another muted chance.

That's the concern of Davie President William White, the 40-year-old shipbuilder who began as a draftsman in the

yard he bought in 1976 along with three other top executives who had quit together as the senior managers of competing Quebec shipbuilders, Marine Industrie Ltd. His new company's foray into the "oil patch"—jargon describing the oil industry's worldwide network of deers and dealers—was inspired when the last big Davie-built ship splashed from the slipway a Great Lakes barge by the yard's former owner, Canada Steamship Lines. The order book was about bare and employment slumped bottom at 1,300 jobs, reflecting the 1976 world slump in shipbuilding. This summer's lull back up to 2,200 jobs as welders and electricians clamber over unsightly off rigs which are more space stations than ships. "Quite honestly, we did not expect this much business. We hoped for two, maybe three orders, but lucky we got in just in time for a real explosion in the market."

But Davie recently lost out on bidding for a rig to plumb the depths of Nova Scotia's Sable Island, partly because its order backlog would delay delivery. In his shipyard office last week, White worried that Canadian industry would be swamped by simultaneous development of Arctic gas and oil there off. "If we don't do our homework right now, a lot of this business will fall by the wayside as far as Canada is concerned."

So far, Davie has built only U.S.-designed rigs for shallow-water (up to 300 metres) exploration. "Our problem was that we really had nothing to offer. The oil industry is conservative in its choice of equipment and we didn't get anywhere when we tried to peddle our

original design." But once strikes off Newfoundland got this protection the industry will have no choice but to look for originality. With weather and waves reputed to be worse than those of the North Sea, the waters off Canada are stilled with icebergs. Either the bergs must be banded and towed away by special tugs or the floating production platforms must be unplugged from their wells and quickly moved from the path of the ice.

Once the oil companies decide to produce, demand for unique equipment will be immediate. "Everything's going to be two years later the day the wells are drilled commercially," says White. He is busy procuring creation of a Canadian consortium to design and supply production platforms. Four firms would be involved—including a large Newfoundland firm—but White is sworn to silence as their identities. The consortium White envisaged could itself operate the production platforms. And Davie Shipbuilding, determined to remain a builder of ships, has its own hungry eyes on the tanker traffic that will must between the production platforms and land-based refineries. Later this summer, Davie will lay the keel of its first new ship in 20 years, a tanker for its own subsidiary Branch Lines fleet. "Our involvement with rigs and oil exploration hasn't lessened our appetite for ships," says White. "These men out there are shipbuilders and there's no other way they can get complete satisfaction from these works."

In the meantime, none are complaining about White's job-providing plunge into the oil patch. ☐

Davie is in Quebec shipyard, White, more space station than ship, logging icebergs

David Thomas

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The disenchantment of the diplomat

By Vol Pless

When her ladies train swayed out of the desert with "sun's 104, bare torsos and very much gold," the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon's court turned into one of the very few biblical occasions in which nobody starved, nobody got hurt and a good time was had by all. For the next two millennia, as the glass-and-ice image persisted, The life of diplomatic exchange seemed charmed in two senses: it was both enchanting and immune from danger.

Lorne Clark, the tall, scrawny, improbably tanned, fleetly bilingual chief of External's legal department, Clark, himself is a representative specimen of the type. Yet, as current president of the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers (PAFSO), he is quick to add, "We're no longer elites," and to acknowledge the profession's malaise. The styles and lavish forms of a whole way of life are withering in a

Queen of Sheba meeting Solomon, Taylor with wife, Pat, tragically out of season

days PAFSO is bringing its meetings to accommodate its members' demands. Meanwhile, budget and hiring restrictions have helped to halve External's job applications from about 4,000 in 1974 to about 2,000 just five years later. "I would tell our young people about joining us," admits Marcel Gledits, retiring after 20 years of diplomatic service, including a five-year stint as ambassador to Washington.

External co-ordinates the international services of several federal departments, including immigration and industry, trade and commerce—indeed, 80 per cent of the officers working in Canadian embassies are from departments other than External. Yet, in the past decade this central ministry's real power has actually diminished. It used to claim the right over the prime minister. But Pierre Trudeau's style of dealing personally with world leaders plus his lack of interest in the department ("I couldn't have harmed the foreign service more if he'd wanted to,"



Clark representative specimen of the type

caught in the path of Tehuana subaltas and Itzamal robes. Since 1889, before, then, the Panamanian and Spanish embassies were moved, 29 people died at a stroke when the Spanish embassy in Guatemala City was mysteriously burned; guerrillas occupied the Dominican Republic's residence in Bogotá, Colombia, and Italian rebels occupied their embassy's embassy in London, with bloody results. Happily, no Canadian blood was shed when Canadian Ambassador Kenneth Taylor led six fugitives during the American embassy takeover in Tehran, but the incident showed that not even second-string powers are immune. Although the last real violence against Canada occurred back in 1969 when an immigration applicant fire-bombed the consulate in Vienna, an External Affairs memo reports that today and every day, somewhere in the world, a Canadian embassy is endangered by bad banking.

In the past three years, External has spent more than \$5 million to upgrade the security of its buildings and the protection of personnel overseas, but it hasn't solved the stress of embassy-insecurity. During Margaret Trudeau's Washington ambassadorship (1973-75), he says, his two young sons were "assumed to live on the top floor of the residence. There had been rapes on our front doorstep, we couldn't let them play outside." Add to that kind of stress the normal pressures of increasing foreign service life—the interrupted schooling, shattered friendships, expense to exotic diseases—and the cumulative effects can be almost unbearable. "Our children have serious breakdowns," sighs Lester Potvin's daughter-in-law, Linda Potvin, president of the Foreign Service Community Association. "We have no statistics but I'm afraid the rate is high."

The toll on adults is unenviable. It is no clear that the job's normal stresses frequently result in divorce, drinking and periods of emotional breakdown. The admission of them no longer spells the end of a career. In the past decade External has launched alcoholism and culture-shock courses and for the past two years has been sending family counselors in service posts overseas. Of course, in addition to the heaviest of the predictable, there is always, in diplomatic life, the possibility of the extraordinary. Though Kenneth Taylor's wife, Pat, remains cheerfully committed to embassy life she admits that during those trying months in Tehran her husband, as you say, "gave up. It gave my doctor quite a fright."

But of all the social changes reordering foreign service life, the one that has

seemingly under bureaucrats have coincided with provincial ministries to conduct independent foreign policies and turned the once-powerful department into everyone else's agency. "The diplomat is at the end of the telephone," sighs George Ignatieff. "His freedom of action is restricted and instant diplomacy is displacing human diplomacy."

Diplomacy has always been a profession of aggrandizing the political nuances of social interaction and of making desirable impressions. In the past, this subtle game was played according to a formal, decorative code among wealthy gentlemen. Now it has become a transparency of numbers as inflation tips up Canada's performance on the world stage. A year and a

half ago, in one West European capital, the embassy budget ran dry before the inflation-adjusted allowance arrived from Ottawa. Six after-tax income-earning spouses had departed, the Excellency the Ambassador of Canada, Madame the Ambassador and their children relied down all the window shades and surreptitiously watched the elaborate meal's dirty dishes.

Against the grimmer backdrop of Indochina, the same drama—too little cash, too many expectations—was played out during Ian Hamilton's posting as Ambassador's first secretary to Singapore, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur and Jakarta. It was 1973 and the East People couldn't wait for the West. "It was terrible, equal refugee camps," recalls Hamilton. "The American team of doctors, nurses, translators and immigration secretaries would arrive. They'd be followed by the Canadian team."

Times and needs have changed, yet the profession seems caught in some Edwardian time warp. In spite of the women's movement, for example, only eight per cent of the officer class at Canada's foreign service is female and the fact discourages young recruits and their spouses. In most postings, the way of life is still pure colonial-era cliché. One foreign service officer recently quit External after a stint in the Caribbean. "The people I was working with just drank and played croquet. I'd joined in to see the world—but just wasn't for me."

Of course, these internal clutches of bureaucracy, budget and styles of behavior are invisible to the public face where there's a more obvious level on the profession's morale terrorism. In the past year, casual-partying officers have turned into frontline foot soldiers



With its professional perks—pastured residences in Mayfair, chauffeurs in the French countryside, servants pouring champagne into government-issue crystal and, above all, the opportunity to experience the world in all its rich variety—no wonder a country's foreign service has drawn the best and brightest. Canada's department of external affairs has produced two creditable prime ministers, Louis St. Laurent and Lester Pearson, as well as, in its early 1960s heyday, more than half of the deputy ministers on the Hill. It has attracted aristocrats such as former United Nations representative George Ignatieff, the St. Petersburg-born son of a Russian count, it has its renaissance men such as Robert Douglas Ford, winner of the 1964 Governor-General's medal for poetry, now representing Canada in Moscow. "It's still an elite," admits

harsher climate of inflation, terrorism and changing social and political realities, the shimmering image of diplomatic life is evaporating like a desert mirage.

According to John Holmes, a career diplomat who now heads the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, morale in "petty" among the foreign service's 340 officers, 300 trade commissioners, 340 immigration officers and support staff of 1,300 secretaries, guards and clerks. In just over a year the legal department, since last eight top lawyers to other departments, provincial politics or the private sector. Back in the early 1940s when Pearson brought in collective bargaining for the public sector (in effect creating "unions" such as PAFSO, External's bawdy mandarins regarded the move as a quaint joke in a house called Thome's



Trudeau with Cadeaux and more. Here, Pearson at Government House in 1960. Yet even our young people against joining



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piored it to the corps, believes Lorne Clark, is surely the woman's movement. After a life of unpaid service including raising up old households, organizing schools, medical care, provisions, food and staff in the new one, and then entertaining endless streams of guests, the average pension of a foreign service officer's widow is \$2,000 a year. Only recently have wives won the grudging right to pursue their own careers abroad—where permitted. They cannot accept jobs outside embassy circles in communist countries for reasons of security, nor can they work in strict Muslim countries. So, more and more, wives are retiring to the big island. "What's so great about going to Taipei, Valletta or Beirut?" asks an diplomat's wife. "Chances are, you'll spend all your time in the air-conditioned rooms of your apartment."

The disillusioned are even asking whether diplomats themselves are obsolete. In their life not just a dangerous, costly facade whose real work occurs in telephone parlors? "Absolute nonsense," asserts John Holmes, "Diplomacy is still a matter of judgment and experience, conducted by human beings." And, once in a while, foreign service officers still get the chance to conduct it. Ben Hamilton almost single-handedly persuaded the immigration of 6,000 boat people to Canada. He lost 27 pounds and, at 45, looked considerably grey in the process. Yet he still believes as profoundly as ever in the contribution of his profession. "Once in a while you're called upon to rise to a challenge to represent Canada the way people back here would have expected you to do it. That's why I'm still in this job."

With files from Jane Rogers

The Tupperware road to religion

While the minds of spirit might have called it just another Tupperware party, others might have called it presidential. When Barbara Fox of Kelowna, B.C., went to a gathering six years ago (it started off nothing more than plastic containers and a future full of granger vegetables, she later became involved with an idea that was to change her family's future irrevocably. She had met a woman whose husband had just set up a Christian company to distribute religious books wherever secular books were sold. From airports and open stores to supermarkets. Her own husband, David, now 61, was so taken by the idea he checked in his job as a high-school teacher, mailed in his pension and hit the road. He's been on it ever since,

spending the period Good Word for Successful Living Ltd. at Winnipeg, a company whose business has been multiplying in these troubled times like biblical loaves and fishes.

Now, with 1979 sales of \$1.4 million, the firm is finding increasingly that there's no place like home for doing business. While shunning short of pushing plastic Jesus statues, but in the finest Tupperware tradition, the company has latched onto the idea of inspirational book parties.

"They will become increasingly important in our overall sales as the '80s unfold," says Minko Seward, president of the company he founded in 1974. It is an offshoot of Successful Living Inc., started four years earlier by two Minnesota businessmen and now an international operation (U.S. sales last year

Anna Shanks (left) and Barbara Foxson at Winnipeg book party to place like home.



were \$18 million). Though the firm has no specific religious affiliation, many of its distributors have evangelical or fundamentalist backgrounds. Says Seward, "You don't have to be a Christian to do this kind of work, but it does help. It isn't a get-rich scheme."

Nevertheless, sales of some books (including a version of *Arche* comic, published by Steve Christian Comics of New Jersey) are making secular publishers nervous. Sales of 4,000 to 6,000 are not rare and one book, *Voices of Shadows* (by Jake Platt of Edmonton), sold more than 25,000. Adds Seward, "Books dealing with family life and children have been our best sellers, but there's a tremendous growth in books of prophecy, those dealing with the end of Western civilization and Armageddon." However, the end of the road isn't in sight for distributors such as David Fox of Kelowna. With the boom in house-party sales just beginning, selling Armageddon already means traveling 8,000 kilometers a month. Says Fox, "It's hard work but we feel we're helping people."

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The 50-per-cent solution

By Eleanor Wachtel

The principle that marriages are a full partnership with an equal division of assets upon divorce was thrust on us more than a decade ago by the Royal Commission on the Status of Women. But, no matter about any woman who kept that principle to heart found out soon enough, it was just so much fuzzy talk. Except for Quebec (which with its different legal structure has long acknowledged community of property), Ontario's lawmakers were the first, two years ago, to offer a genuine 50-per-cent solution. Since then, every province except New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia has followed with new laws providing some approximation of equal sharing upon separation to divorce. And now, as the laws are tested in court, lawbreakers, lawyers and spouses across the country are watching especially closely, for it is only now that the impact of all that turgid legislation is hitting home—and business—as the courts interpret the law point.

Now husbands in Canada have the "problem" of Sarah Andros: sage-niece Adrian Richardson, whose co-wife is using him for \$25,000 a month, but under among Canadian businessmen is intense. "The big fear that companies will have to be liquidated an divorce is

stated by every male client," says Vancouver family lawyer Terrence Warren. That fear has been heightened by three precedent-setting provincial Supreme Court decisions this year—two in B.C. and one in Ontario. All three cases are now being appealed and likely won't be decided before the fall. In the meantime, the three couples concerned aren't talking—but everyone else is. And the only thing shared upon in these new legislations—which former Vancouver family court judge David Hunt says has "provoked a moral revolution"—is leaving a lot of men and keeping a lot of lawyers busy.

In the most impressive of the three B.C. decisions, 30-year-old Leonard Hargrave was ordered, in February, to hand over \$1.1 million to Nancy Hargrave, his wife of 20 years. The transfer equaled their shares in business assets of \$4.6 million, three-quarters of which were in companies partially owned by the husband. Similarly, in the Ontario case, Barbara Lushchinsky, 43, was awarded, in March, half of the \$40,000 Bell Canada shares her husband bought during his long years in the phone company's employ. She had been a bank clerk for the first six years of their 20-

year marriage and then stayed home for a decade to raise their son. Both cases set precedents by acknowledging the wife's "advised" contribution to the entire marriage and its accumulated assets.

The Supreme Court ruling in the other B.C. case, announced early this year, set a precedent in the increasingly controversial matter of pensions. The court directed Deputy Chief Gold Commissioner Raymond Boucher to split the \$550,000 pension with his ex-wife, Frances Hetherford. She had worked as a secretary for a total of 35 years, taking 35 years out to be a housewife after the birth of her first child. The law now entitles her to look forward to a pension, too—his.

Courtest books have responded to the new legislation by refusing to extend credit unless the note is assigned or the spouse renounces first claims. If the lender sues any marital discord, everything is frozen—independent bank accounts as well as joint. No one serving past rentals on your golf club. If Junior takes a swing, they are family assets. Even if you hide them away but held business conferences on the frisk, their

status is murky. What of a woman's jewelry gifted her by her husband? If she wears it when entertaining his business associates, is the glitter contributing indirectly to the success of the enterprise? It can get quite involved.

Judges obtain a certain amount of discretion, however. And, as the old saying goes, a decision depends on the length of a judge's foot. One B.C. Supreme Court judge denied that a marriage lasted just 25 years, and since the case before him had endured for only 12, the wife was entitled to a preferred quarter of family assets. Another felt that any marriage of more than 10 years merited a 50-50 division.

There are also contradictions between new family legislation and other established areas. Notably, while the new provincial laws provide for pensions to be split, there's nothing in the federal Income Tax Act allowing such a transfer. "It makes me see and what judges are or-

ders—say, to divide an story—that can have the most astounding tax consequences," says Clayton Skalla, author of a new, scorching best seller, *Reckless and Reckless: The Tax and Accounting Implications*. He notes that the complexity of the new laws has created the need for a "professional team," especially accountants, to look after clients. In one case, the opposing accountants disagreed about the net worth of a husband by a factor of 20 per cent.

Understandably, judges are overwhelmed trying to interpret new legislation on the new law and handle "Tax with Fear" as the other. And, as further muddy the waters, many every transfer of property has tax ramifications, changes in the Income Tax Act are necessary, says Skalla. But while the first department is sensitive to new government legislation, Revenue Canada lights every amendment that might add into its tax base. Usually, it wins.

As the complications multiply, Deborah Achman, the Victoria lawyer acting for Frances Boucher, says she agrees. She points out that, without costing the marketplace a cent, the recent decision have put the blame at the leading edge of the push for equal pay for work of equal value. "We're not going to change the status of women in Canada until we increase the wealth," she says. "And one of the best ways of transferring property rights now is through divorce." ♦

Out of the rocking chair and into the classroom

In 1932, when Saul Lenn graduated in pharmacy from the University of Toronto, less than five per cent of the population was over 60. In those Depression days, aging often seemed to mean Norman Rockwell covers in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The rocking chair and the radio, living with the kids and minding the grandchildren. Now, in the not so easy days of the nuclear family, the elderly—like Saul, 71, and his wife Lilian, 68—represent about 10 per cent of Canada's population and, despite the ageing stereotypes, they're far from ready to be content rocking the night away in front of the television set. In fact, it was after a spirited game of tennis at his Florida condo that Saul

advertising to one-week session for 90 people, enrolment was full, with students coming from as far as California and Florida. At least four sessions will be offered next summer, says Flyher. The other Canadian schools offering courses are Babson's Laurentian University, the University of New Brunswick and Toronto's York University and Ryerson College. Altogether, Elderhostels expects to attract 20,000 students this year, 7,000 more than last year.

To qualify, every participant (or a spouse) must be at least 60 years old. Fees are \$130 a week, which include room and board in campus dorms as well as tuition. Classes are taught all summer by faculty members and are



Lenn was convinced by his tennis buddies to return to university for kids.

Unintended in a degree-oriented paper chase again, the Lenns last year enrolled in a one-year seminar course offered by Elderhostels, a nonprofit organization based in Boston. In just five years it has single-handedly fostered what may very well become a boom in education for the elderly. Founded by Martin Kaplan of Boston and supported by two New England colleges that wanted to put their facilities to use in the summer months, the program is now being implemented by 300 institutions in all 50 states. And, for the first time this summer, five Canadian universities and colleges will participate.

"The intent in the program absolutely is to provide the elderly with a solitary, focused on," says co-founder Franks Flyher of Trent University in Peterborough, Ont. Within two weeks of

Knowledge (left) and Lenn, playing hockey.

offered from Sunday to Saturday, enabling people a day's travelling time to move on to another university. "Some people have 'rediscovered' their way right across the United States," explains Boston Elderhostels spokesman Mike Zook. "They spend a week at school near the grandchildren, then take off for a week to a school near a cultural park."

For people such as the Lenns of Toronto, the Elderhostels experience is truly complete travelling, meeting people and sharing the joy of discovery that is at all schools, even better from uninspiring teachers or courses. "That's a problem," explains Saul. "A lot of us couldn't stand the creative writing course, so we played hockey and golfed during that class." ♦

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Only one thing on his mind

HARVECK TELLS
by Philip Grosskurth
(McGraw-Hill and Gower) \$12.95

Quant as shrouded pseudo logic, hypostatized as a stylized perfectionism, wrapping modernism as an insensitivity while moving the attention of the upstairs mind, the rigid assumptions and structures of Victorians are begun to crumble around the turn of the century. With a new enthusiasm for experiment and tolerance for deviance from the accepted sexual code, a different sexual ethos began to emerge—so others that questioned orthodox views of marriage and family and gender acceptance of a variety of erotic experiences.

Harveck Ellis, the oddball subject of an admirable biography by Philip Grosskurth (see box), was a pioneer in the theoretical attack on Victorian propriety and perhaps the most effective popularizer of Freud's understanding of a modern view of sex. A lifelong critic of Victorian hypocrisy and error, Ellis



was himself, paradoxically, something of a Victorian by temperament. Despite his attempts to rationalize understanding of sexual behavior—he was a dandy on a Darwinian scale who talked his own masturbatory activity—he was a pragmatist, if slightly preposterous, in his attempts to apply a scientific intellect to unruly matters of the heart and libido.

The only son of an English sea captain, Ellis was born in 1875, at age 16, in Australia. His parents had

Ellis with his wife, Edith (above), in 1904. Ellis and Edith had a very close relationship.



Exotic academic on the Thames

Philip Grosskurth has long been a puzzle to her colleagues at the University of Toronto. She seems so tightly controlled, so self-disciplined, it's hard to imagine her writing serious books. Grosskurth is fun, sports out, cooly cool—although an extended period of silence has separated her from her friends. It has not made her heart grow fonder of the university's English department. There seem to be so many of my colleagues who couldn't do anything else. Grosskurth is a brilliant, intelligent, beautiful, unapologetically brilliant and quick to spot intellectual pretension. She grew up in Toronto and studied at the University of Toronto where one classmate remembers her as an overweight exotic, swathed as purple, drinking off glasses in ink to match. Married to Robert Grosskurth, a Canadian naval officer, she later divorced the poet, the early 60s in London living her children and completing a PhD in English from the University of London. She returned to Canada to teach. Married Major Moore

chairman of the Canada Council, from whom she is also divorced and earned a reputation as a spicy academic activist.

Now, at 52, living in an airy room in the London home of an old friend, Grosskurth won't return to Toronto until her current project, biography of Frances Blake Bonaparte, founder of the psychoanalytic movement in France, is completed. Describing herself as a better writer than a novelist, Grosskurth says with conviction that the past year has been the happiest of her life. And yet, in the past 14 months, she has had four major operations for breast cancer. This fall is now the subject of a monograph out in England which with characteristic courage and energy, she is refusing to drop the latest. As April, she has been told was her last chance.

Ellis came her way unexpectedly in 1976 when Frances Blake, son of Ellis' long-time companion, asked her to consider writing the official biography. Inspired by her 1968 biography, *Constance*, a Jewish, Jewish, biographer of English and, and, and, homosexual, John Addington Symonds. Little offered her thousands of unsorted letters he had inherited upon his mother's death. Living alone in a house

back on the Thames, she completed in three years a book that some expected would take 10 years to write. Out she did. *Ellis* (Sympson) in the end no. He was so glib, so unimpaired, so skilled at conversation, and such a great man I found him disarming and just I did old him a very old man at one point.

This summer, with the help of her agent, she will begin research on Bonaparte's biography, making it clear to her publisher that Ellis may have to finish the book in the meantime, just four days out of hospital looking for that last memory. It will be the most work to do about the days of joy. You must see Ellis! (Currently playing in London.) Ladies and gentlemen, I don't deserve such happiness. I am the object of your love.

A.F.



Ellis and Labadie: watching women urinate

freely admitted, he died on a living as a schoolteacher in the bush and underwent, in the end, the fashion, a spiritual crisis which coincided with a resolve to devote his life to the study of sex. At 19 he returned to England, studied to be a doctor and achieved a not-surprising reputation, given his haphazard schooling and shyness, as a literary critic. This success thrust him into a wide orbit of fresh thinkers, social reformers, feminist crusaders and assorted visionaries, in the midst of each and his charisma was always with him.

Immediately, Ellis' precocious wish, on the one hand, the study of sex and, on the other, his practice, created particular problems for Grosvenor. It cannot have been easy to make plausible, and even at times almost caddy, a man whose writing reveals a naive fascination with children sex play, strong inclinations to voyeurism, an obsession with (how can it be done with delicacy?) watching young women urinate and a curious conviction, upon he desired children and supported free love, that the only proper road of sex is procreation. Married for 35 years to Edith Lees, a novelist of indifferent talent and a practicing lesbian, with whom he shared "a union of affectionate comradeship in which the specific emotions of sex had the smallest part," he was, nonetheless, deeply wounded by her many homosexual liaisons. Always a compassionate man who forced intellectual commitment to dominate emotional gain, Ellis suffered for years while Edith's lesbianism, the companion of his later years, subjected her passion for novelist Hugh de Selincourt. His letters to women often make incendiary reading. Blatantly, frequently perverted and sometimes downright obscene, they seem almost to reveal his claim to objectivity.

Despite the depth of his commitment to scientific procedure, Ellis was also

surprisingly reluctant to defend his vision, a theme that Grosvenor senses throughout his work. In all heart, a generous book, in 1957 he published *Sexual Perversions*, the first volume of his masterwork, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, a compassionate, reasoned defense of homosexuality, which argued that it was neither a crime nor a disease, but neither a harmless inherited preference—a revolutionary notion at a time when male homosexuality was punishable by imprisonment. When a London merchant was put on trial for selling the book, Ellis defused the opportunity to defend his work, vouching silently as the proceedings devastated many lives. Ellis, on the other hand, was not merely the support of the likes of George Bernard Shaw.

By 1933, Ellis had completed the first six volumes of the *Studies*, offering radical interpretations of masturbation, female sexuality, sadomasochism and fetishism. On the basis of such views—the theoretical foundation of virtually all modern sexual inquiry—Ellis' reputation became enormous, particularly in North America where he was honored by such influential lights as Margaret Sanger, the American birth control pioneer and son of Ellen, girls of the "golden women." Still, while his humanity informed every question he raised, Grosvenor shows that Ellis was never able to escape his own troubled sexuality and that his compassion was compromised by his grotesque aversion to the final volume of the *Studies* concerns "the first treatise on the important subject of Perverse over-writting, and perhaps the most learned and scholarly study I have ever written." In the face of such fearful intellectual assonance, it is difficult to keep in mind that Ellis' scholarly reputation rivaled Freud's.

Ann Pleshch

Tricky dictums on the third war

THE NEW BOOK
by Richard Nixon
(Random House, \$15.95)

How many times have the ghost of Vietnam past the ghost of Cuba past the ghost of the Cuban missile crisis his disabbling self-disclosure from the presidency, Richard Nixon makes a case for war that would grow tedious on a dime. His thesis endures two cold realities: "The first of these is that if war were to come, [America] might lose. The second is that we might be defeated without war." In that, he says, the Third World War is already upon us, and started before the past war ended. So, here he goes: Only if fighting capacity is increased, bolstered by searching the national power, which is "no power plus applied resources twice with." And there's the crux, because the West, he fears, is weak.

The fee, of course, is the Soviet Union, and unless the U.S. drastically increases its military budget, the U.S.S.R. will have "unparalleled nuclear superiority, overwhelming superiority on the ground, and at least equality on the sea" by 1985. Further, the U.S.S.R. may first demonstrate the West. "They want to end this war," says Nixon, "not with a bang, but with a whimper." But if a bang is needed, the U.S.S.R. would be up to 100,000 men, with more major surface-to-air ships than the U.S., twice the attack submarines, some 70 cruise missile subs (the U.S. has none), more than twice the men under arms, four times the artillery pieces and three times the budget for strategic nuclear forces. But even more important, the U.S.S.R., unimpeded by moral restraints, can be an aggressor, everywhere from Afghanistan to Zaire. Of particular interest are the minerals of Africa and oil from the Persian Gulf area where the Soviets of Herman form "the strategic choke point."

Nixon on Peking: begins with warning bell



Nixon warning White House: ignored alarm

through which 40 per cent of the free world's oil passes." Even while he makes these eye-opening points, however, Nixon slips into the familiar phrases that perfume self-parody. The chapter on the Soviets, for example, is titled "The Big Red Men." And he falls lazily into familiar phrases, easy cliché: "America is a sleeping giant. It is time to wake up that giant."

Quite far beyond the ponderous tone and pondering time, there is some clear thought. And he does have a plan: dissolve the energy department, allow intelligence-gathering agencies to operate in secret, promote capitalism, control the media ("television is to news as bumper stickers are to philosophy"), remove the search for dinosaurs, increase military power—and, most of all, have a president who's a rock leader. The only bad and America has, says Nixon, "is the will, nerve, and unpredictability of the President—his ability to make the enemy think twice about raising the ante." Needless to say, the best man for president is (blush) the author. In his own mind, his administration was a blessed event. Why, even the Soviets on Cambodia were as different from President Dwight Eisenhower ordering the Korean War.

It is here that his on de cover becomes a maddening moon logic. There is no doubt that Richard Nixon was a foreign policy expert. His trip to Peking was sufficient alone to place him in history. Watergate, however, will always be his legacy, the credibility gap over the ever-up his eternal border. The bad, for, stylistic stumbling block, he rings out some important truths. But, as with the inspired his warning bell, too many will leap from Nixon's pessimism rather than listen to his prognosis.

Robert McQuinn

Liberating love in outer spaces

THE MARRIAGES BETWEEN ZONES
THREE, FOUR AND FIVE
by Carol Leavitt
(Doubt, \$10.95 and \$14.95)

The best writers, like the best scientists, are rogues, men and women with the guts to leave the rest of us snoozing in their wake. With every appearance of a book by Dore Leavitt we have to adjust our ideas of

her, each of her novels leaves its readers groping for breath. Last year she promised science fiction and gave us, in *Starline*, an estranged inspection of mankind. Now, in the second of her series, *Conquest in Anger*, she has turned to history, creating a myth as gentle as a trading horn.

The *Mariages Between Zones Three, Four and Five* is a flawed book—but, like most of Leavitt's work, it contains passages of dazzling clarity and power, passages that make the "we" of world seem too small and flimsy. Its characters come from what were de-

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isolation in *Shikasta* as "the various levels of being which he is concentric shells around the planet." The godlike narrator of *Shikasta* considered these zones "lively and for the most part agreeable places." But Lessing is a novelist, and inevitably finds no comfort. In *Moorcock* the zones are often turbulent and always incomplete; the nomadic inhabitants of Zone Five will soon "sit out others' threats for the murder of a stolen sheep." *Shikasta* (via Earth) has no monopoly on pain.

Lessing is still reserved as a feminist and in *Moorcock* she returns to the theme of identity, liberation and love. The book begins with a dream. Al, the queen of Zone Three, an idyllic region where animals and people happily co-exist, must marry Des Aca, the war-monger-king of Zone Four. The order comes from the Providers on high it cannot be resisted. Al kills Des Aca's four bar-ba-jas and her husband brutally commutes, but reactions give Lessing a useful opportunity for social criticism. The queen cannot understand, for instance, why Zone Four keeps a huge army on perpetual alert. But gradually she learns to love Des Aca and the process makes her a stranger in her own land even as it civilises her husband. When she has borne the king a son and found within herself signs of the qualities of Zone Five, the Providers step in again, commanding her to return home and ordering Des Aca to marry Yabahi, the queen of Zone Five. After this the fate of *Moorcock* shatters, as Lessing shows little interest in Yabahi and a strong desire to finish the book.

Moorcock concentrates many of her preoccupations, her grasp of tangled feelings remains as acute as ever. Moreover, there marvellous landscapes of

fantasy recall the plains and skies of Africa, the continent Lessing left for good in 1949. But *Moorcock* is also an exploration, and inside the love story of Des Aca and Al, he finds a hidden tale. When the two are discovering passion, they have a dream song flow shall we reach where the light is/Zone where delight is? The book suggests an answer is that transparent question, its quest is the discovery of quest itself. The royal wedding have been denied so that people in every zone stay at night, strive to surpass their present state. Even the pastoral bliss of Zone Three, the embodiment of all the "fantasy" variants, has become dangerously smug. And love cannot be so and in itself. The point of *Moorcock* (a novel more real than any) lies in a half-forgotten rhyme quoted by children. *Find the way! And find the way! And follow on and through! There we must pass! And gather in the blue...* — Mark Abley

Squashed frogs, flattened feelings

PAULINE PLACE
by Ann Morton
Fiction (issue 113-12)

Ann Morton's new novel joins the squashed-frog school of modern fiction. Whichever a character has trouble articulating emotions, as in most of J.D. Salinger's work, or can't even locate their centre, as in the short stories of Flaubert, the squashed frogs and other features of the landscape take on special meaning. Here, every feeling is blotted by irony. The characters' lives are gay asphalt highways passing by flattened squirrels, three-legged dogs and hitch-hikers with nosebleeds. It is a time, 1970, "when the grotesquely funny was obviously much in vogue." And it's just a matter of time before this mixture of satirical violence moves in to occupy the centre of the road.

Falling in Place happens last summer, when the lives of a New York salesgirl, a Bryn Mawr grad student, her footloose boy-friend and a suburban Connecticut family all intersect, apparently by chance. Couples can't decide why they stay together, or come apart, people become lovers simply out of proximity and blood is thicker than Perrier, a 10-year-old boy hates his sister, really hates her. Absolute hell settled over everything like volcanic ash.

Despite Bestie's powers of description and her ability to pile more up and pile like a stretch of rug samples, the novel suffers from authorial solipsism. Bestie stands outside all her characters, who stand outside their lives. No one gets her way. It's tempting to say



Bestie: blood runs thinner than Perrier

that modern life has simply been given the treatment it deserves here, but her distance, a vaguely moral reflex, belongs more to a journalist than a novelist. Passion, sin and choice have been flattened by the attempt, harrowing along in a four-wheel-drive recreational vehicle. Best Place is a novel as a signifier from California.

In *Falling in Place*, the centre has gone beyond not finding, it has completely disappeared. Mirrors have lost their silvery backing, swimming pools stand empty and Bestie is obsessed with holes doughnut holes, toilet holes. The heart of the book is missing, too. It needs an author's compassion and Bestie betrays no love for her characters. In the end, everyone, readers included, is exiled from the centre.

Muriel Jackson

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- ACTION**
- 1 The Bourne Identity, Ludlum (1)
 - 2 *Piercing Bats*, Kneale (2)
 - 3 *The Devil's Alliance*, Farquhar (2)
 - 4 *Smiley's People*, Le Carré (1)
 - 5 *Life Before Man*, Atwood (1)
 - 6 *Paradise Works*, Pinn (7)
 - 7 *Joshua Tree* and *Love, Richter*
 - 8 *The Hearting Heart*, French (1)
 - 9 *Solo*, Alligood
 - 10 *The Trenches Above*, White (10)
- NOVELIST**
- 1 *The Thin Wire*, Toffler (0)
 - 2 *Darkness*, M. O. O'Brien (0)
 - 3 *How to Invent Your Own Novel*, J. D. Proulx (0)
 - 4 *From the Heart*, Proulx (2)
 - 5 *Men in the Shadows*, Gendry (1)
 - 6 *Man in Love*, Fidler (0)
 - 7 *The Neighbor's Wife*, Tolson (1)
 - 8 *Constance*, Amel
 - 9 *Joe Fox's Second Book of Farming*, Flax (1)
 - 10 *The Whirlwind*, Woodward
 - 11 *Woodward* (15)
- (1) Previews first week

Theatre

Oh for a pin to prick the balloon

By Mark Crampton

After two seasons of profligate productions and so many returns, the Stratford Festival's Robin Phillips has again announced he will not continue as sole artistic director. He should be taken at his word. Six years is enough, and the provocative excitement of his early productions has withered away under the sheer weight of Stratford's massive Central machinery. Among the ageing two-still plays directed by Phillips this season will the world premiere of Irish novelist Edna O'Brien's *Providence*, based on the life of Virginia Woolf, demonstrated he can still enthral as audience.

Phillips' and co-director Gregory Penner's production of John Galsworthy's *The Boy of the Year*, however, a flattened failure, a parody of Stratford at its worst. The Avon Theatre's limited stage is choked high with weeds and bodies wreathed in alien clouds of carbon dioxide vapor. Also in attendance is the festival's latest contribution to inflation, the new Stratford Youth Choir, all 32 of them, cast as extras transforming the simple street ballade of Galsworthy's time into a complex hermaphrodite. The director seems to have attempted portmanteau instead of theatre and, although the visual effects are often striking, the lugubrious Murdock, his outcast head, and Galsworthy's inhuman personifications are smothered in a welter of swirling keep-upts and belching balloons.

Since the original play vitally shatters contemporary politicians and scores, Phillips and Penner have considered their own satirical numbers. *Perseus Travels*, the PBS and delirious, falling victim to the lyrical's delirious. The need for contemporary relevance also extends to several dance routines whose chorused choreography could only have been inspired by bodied Bob Fosse videotapes. And, yes, the poor are always crying and bleeding, so what better way to suggest some than by interrupting important dialogue with nonstop crotch-cracking?



Michael is played by Jim McQueen, a hog of a performance into which the rest of the cast miserably sinks despite inspired efforts to keep him alive by Gussie Campbell and Jennifer Phipps as the scheming Peachams. Edna Galsworthy delivers such a prize Poly it's a

Connelly (left) and Smith in 'Providence', a glowing example of what Stratford can do

a cloudy darkness curtaining before the throne of Emma, Sir Toby Belch (Barry McQueen) is so real and measured he delivers the family name, and only Richard McMillan as an infirmus Agnetha has been permitted comic revivals.

The staging is uninspired, dominated by an ungainly tree-trunk-parade, the Festival Theatre's celebrated thrust stage has been transformed from an open arena of infinite possibility to a narrow plot where movement is restricted and confined. There are irritating bits of gratuitous stage business too. Malvina the minstrelrope goes a cheap laugh when a solid bar drops from beneath his dressing gown. Peter's songs have been muted and belated instead of accompanied by solo late or garble, and (I just don't work!) the lyrics are overpowered despite William Hatt's strong and soulful reading. Finally, what is the point in Peter taking a real shower in the bathtub after his last song, "Rip it, the sword and the rain"? Drama—don't be symbolic, I guess.

But there's not every concerned with

Lessing: love is not sex and is itself



ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANN MORTON

the indignities perpetrated as the text will enjoy the production's soft music-therm. Patricia Connolly as Virginia is sensibly, maybe a bit over-the-top, and the reunion with her lost brother, Sebastian (Lorne Kennedy), is moving and magical. Ron Bellard's Malvo is a relevant masterpiece, old and funny, yet so much of a caricature, a raised profile aggressively yanking out from a contemplative backdrop. And again, although the best singing bits that the union of lovers at play's end will not bring them any greater self-awareness, here the gonads' promise—their voices are finally opened to the light of Boston upon all concerned.

The first hour of *Virginia* is heaven. Edna O'Brien's text expertly probes Woolf's soul, and the re-creation of her tortured thoughts is as apt as it almost impossible to separate O'Brien's from Woolf's. Maggie Smith, hair in a halo-like bun, her olive-dress dress and tan cardigan looking as if only Virginia could have worn them, doesn't just eerily resemble the woman—she is possessed by her spirit. Phillips has drawn from her a brilliant performance, delicately constructed of fluttering hands and cool one-liners cemented together with repressed marital passion. Philip Silver's feisty act, with its translucent Japanese screens and scrim flaring the fated opposition of love and country, perfectly complements the action.

After intermission the audience returns, pronti for more of everything. A few brief exchanges, a long monologue, then suddenly on the sound track, a trucking street, the retirement of Virginia's suicide, and she's gone—it's over, and the emotional climax promised as the first half has been dispensed. What happened? Did O'Brien run out of ideas? This seems impossible, even the enormous amount of available material she chose not to explore. Or perhaps Smith wouldn't have been able to sustain such a fevered pitch for more than two hours. Whatever the reasons, the incompleteness is disappointing, especially when expectations have been raised so high.

Nicholas Pennell plays both Virginia's father and her husband, Leonard, completely devoted to her even though their marriage was chaotic. Patricia Connolly in her latest, *Viva Shakespeare! West*, and both provide excellent support for Smith's extended arm. Although Lewis and presents a sympathetic and witty foil for Virginia throughout, Vito's role is far too limited—she appears to be little more than an aggressive seductress to whom Virginia responds in kind. "I'm growing old—I want more married with my meat," she blantly tells Leonard, who forgives all black marks could have been done with Vito and her relationship to the Woolfs



Edna O'Brien: *Philip in 'The Ragged Dancers'* becomes and bodies stacked high

without unduly shifting the focus away from Virginia.

Despite Virginia's bewing (as it stands the play should run without an intermission), the production shows that Stratford's immense potential to mount first-class theater has not been exhausted. *Philip* eventually was not be sufficiently stimulated by the festival environment anymore, but he's not at all to blame. Stratford is too big. It costs too much. The actors are not a unified company but a collection of individual stars and misfits, and this lack of cohesiveness is achingly obvious in the larger productions. Already there is talk of budget trimming (after several profitable years the festival now runs a substantial deficit) and a reduction in programming. When next *Philip* will have a lot to answer for from the rough break, looking in Stratford, waiting to be kind. ☐

Just that one brief shining moment

Watching Richard Burton return to Toronto's O'Keefe Centre for his ninth as King Arthur in *Camelot* is like being asked to be a pallbearer at a neighbor's funeral: you know you should be grieving but you aren't exactly sure what for. The 30 years that separate his first performance, which christened the O'Keefe, and this one sit on his shoulders like chains read, straitjacketing his movements, constraining his breathing, strangling his voice. Delivering his lines like a rail nail, walking woodenly across his stage, even forgetting parts of the rhyme song, Burton provides the curious spectacle of a legend failing to live up to his name. As Arthur, the king, Burton is unfocused and unconvincing, as the husband of Queen Guinevere he is at best grand-

fatherly, and when he burlesques *J. Rollo: What the King Is Doing Tonight*, so to do we.

But if embarking fast seems to be the fail behind Burton's performance, Christine Ebersole as Guinevere has a virtual tiger in her tank. Tasked from a Broadway production of *Offshore* just two weeks ago, she is witty and mischievous, charming her way unreluctantly through every scene. A jagged queen is the throne of aging fever in *The Lady Mark of Mar*, full-bodied and heady in the bed room scene with her lover Lancelot, she is unfortunately never matched by either men in matters of the heart or the barroom. Richard Young's Lancelot, while ardent and brave as the court's eyes, means a bit of a whisp as a lover; his self-imposed underdogness has appeal. On a set as cozy as a warehouse and as busy as a cathedral on a Tuesday morning, only Ebersole's quip, "Faint! Whitehead's Ministry King Penelope and Robert Park's insolent Maedred brighten the atmosphere of what has been reduced to a museum place."

The only fleeting glimmer of glory is Burton's farewell. Standing by his war tent, having said goodbye to Guinevere, he manages to muster out of what seems this air enough largeness to command the entire evening, during the curtain with resonance. In the end, the one brief shining moment that was *Camelot* proved far better than anyone had hoped. **Ann Johnston**

Ebersole and Burton: no match in matters of the heart or the crown



Films

A fistful of happy endings

SPONDED BILLY
Directed by Clint Eastwood

Once upon a time thought to Clint's life was something fierce, now it has mellowed up, become more benign, even paternal. As the boss of the moonshiner traveling the West shore, all of them in camp, he's an amiable, fatherly figure, giving free displays of his star sharpshooting at orphanages for the "little pariahs." The show is full of spirit, but from Billy's point of view, holding to the old-fashioned ideal of being a cowboy, he gets on the best straight-faced show he can, and the audience, in turn, goes back to his gratitude, finding him to go on, even though everything in the modern world seems to say it's pointless. Eastwood's performance in *Sponsored Billy*, which he directed more fluidly than the bulk of movies released this year, is peppered with self-parody. He plays upon the movie audience's preconceptions of him as the tough guy with the hairy-chested beard and drinks them. Someone says of *Sponsored Billy*'s Old West show that it's "wonderfully campy," and so is the movie itself.

It has the charm, swing, and music-in-down rhythm of light. The camera, reinforced by a plot with a running theme (Sandra Lockie: Billy's bitter and mostly at first, but by the time Billy tells her, "Go ahead, let the tears fall in that beer," she leaves her cigarette holder behind and falls for him and his roguish smile. When Billy's troops address both audiences at the end, it's a lovely gesture; the court has conviction. Several years ago, Eastwood played the first movie in a very fine movie titled *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* but he has watched, and his new, light touch, better in an actor and director, has turned *Sponsored Billy* into the summer's most pleasant entertainment.

Louise O'Toole

Just one up on hanging a moon

RONDE
Directed by Alan Rudolph

You had better be very stoned if you want to enjoy this one. The apologetically risqué story follows the career of Meat Loaf as a movie (a rock 'n' roll traveling headman) who falls in love with a prostitute (Kiki Hunter)



Meat Loaf's vacuum cleaner in the trench

Among the highlights is a guy getting the handle of a vacuum cleaner caught in his crotch (granted, this is one up on hanging a moon). There are appearances by Blade, Alice Cooper, Roy Orbison, and Hank Williams Jr. The director, Alan Rudolph (Whoever's in Love and remember *Remember My Name?*), shows some technical facility and the need of a metaphor. Watching rock 'n' roll on TV has the mercy of not having a narrative, not to mention the advantage of commercials. **L. OT.**



And, gentle readers, in the bull pen on your left ...

By Alan Fotheringham

A lettering stamp of police hit the inner letters of a small group of Canadians when Pierre Elliott Trudeau allowed a reporter that, say, yeh, he would retire "soon" of his self-imposed deadline of September to rewrite the constitution to earth were met. All of a sudden, career-adjustment moods were turned on full, intellectual scheduling was neglected and an interest in the intricacies of counting resuscitated French was rekindled. The small group is composed of those afflicted with the debilitating disease called ambition. The back burner becomes the hot stove. Here, for your edification, is the early book on the candidates. There will be no charge.

Ugoo Awawilo—has the explicit approval of his father that he has been worked over in the Commons, but learning quickly to keep his lips up. Torque leave to stick it to him because he's such an obvious starter in a leadership contest. Very hardworking, very earnest, needs to develop sense of humor (life really isn't like this). Handicapped by lack of focus in the Liberal desert of the West. Girls eat like those crazy Tories who keep going to the West (K. B. Bennett, John Bracken, John DeCoster, Joe West) and leaving. Girls stick to Central Canada power base. (That's where the champagne fashions are.)

Mark Gray—you may think I'm kidding. He's not. Seen himself as the sole remaining repository of economic nationalism in the party (when he's not going millions to the recent Chrysler motivational). Owner of the only surviving ever cat in the Western democracies. More earnest than Garret Ted Armstrong. Last told a joke in 1987. Laughs twice a year, whether he needs it or not.

Yves Frened—most attractive newcomer to the Libs. President of the *Allen Fotheringham* is a columnist for the *FT News Service*.

Polly Caswell and government House leader. Handsome, courteous, polished. Won't get it because it's not Quebec's turn, but Jean Chrétien is getting awfully tired. Mark this one for future assessments.

Stephen Whelan—the Coldest Benders of Canadian politics. Pokes that corporate sector (he actually speaks impeccable Oxford English when at home). Feels he has a national base through the years of striking farmers and standing up for



them. Caring politician. No one tangles with him in Commons for fear of being drowned in bullfight.

Alan Macnaught—now we're getting serious. Smartest of all the precursors. Tough stance on provincial resources, but more reasonable than Peter Lougheed. Only problem is that he's a member of the bar. Actually, this is an asset, since by the time Pierre goes, there will be some political action in the West, the Liberals benefit of this and with little chance of ever getting any west of Winnipeg. Trudeau and sides have already put out the feelers to Ed Broadbent. Perfect marriage coming within a decade. History is Trudeau's chance.

John Turner—with a light in the window of his ambition. Amazing what a passionate appeal from the party faithful would do. Trudeau has to disappear first. All those directorships can be so boring.

Senator-General Edward Schreyer—perfect post-regal present after the life

of maple syrup, intricate carving and encyclopaedia reading. Only 44, will be in prime when Trudeau eventually goes (in 1991). He conservative a social democrat that almost a Liberal. (What's a Liberal? Anything that can win power.) A whiz on global energy problems. Will be known in every part of Canada by now comes for career shift. Famed for Press Gallery dinner speeches.

Gordon Sloan—Lebanese of the West. Respectful, worldly. Only has one problem. Can't get elected in British Columbia. May join the NDP out of frustration, thereby spending the Liberal-NDP merger in Western Canada.

Dan Macdonald—trained the train. Too eager volunteer left him with egg on chin when Trudeau revealed. Wants it, but too many new contenders will make him appear shrewish.

John Coughlin—born with restlessness, like a bad cop. On some world travels for CSO to get rid of some energy. Rites at Vancouver jobs in Vancouver. One, but will be noticed by outbreeds from demer-

its, memoirs, groups, the North. Would put some room into the contest. Better looking than Rogers Whelan.

Don Jamieson—the piano playing income candidate. It turns out to be a choice-pering Treasury Board president, can appeal to Tony Brown. Handsome in that he's an Anglo from Westwood. Good puns, wrong presence.

Paul Martin Jr.—president of Canada Steamship Lines. Well played into establishment and business circles in both Montreal and Toronto. Just it, would present solid, stable TV image. The Liberals (unlike those shrewish Tories and socialist socialists) always go outside for their leaders. Ranked Macdonald King from the Rockefeller family. Got Louis St. Laurent from corporate law. Recruited Lester Pearson from diplomatic world. Recent plucked Pierre Trudeau from radical-chic ranks of socialism. Martin the winner. Have a lot less wrong?



One ounce of Black Velvet, a quarter ounce of sweet vermouth. A maraschino cherry.

Lots and lots of ice is now at your service. Your friend will come back and see you sometime.

The BV Manhattan.
It's big in the city.

The Alberta Vodka Tie Breaker

THE TIE BREAKER

Into tall glass with crushed ice
pour in 1-1/2 oz. Alberta Vodka.
Add 2 oz. pineapple juice and
fill with club soda. Garnish with
slice of pineapple.

Now, that's a sure-fire winner.



Make it with one of Canada's most popular vodkas.